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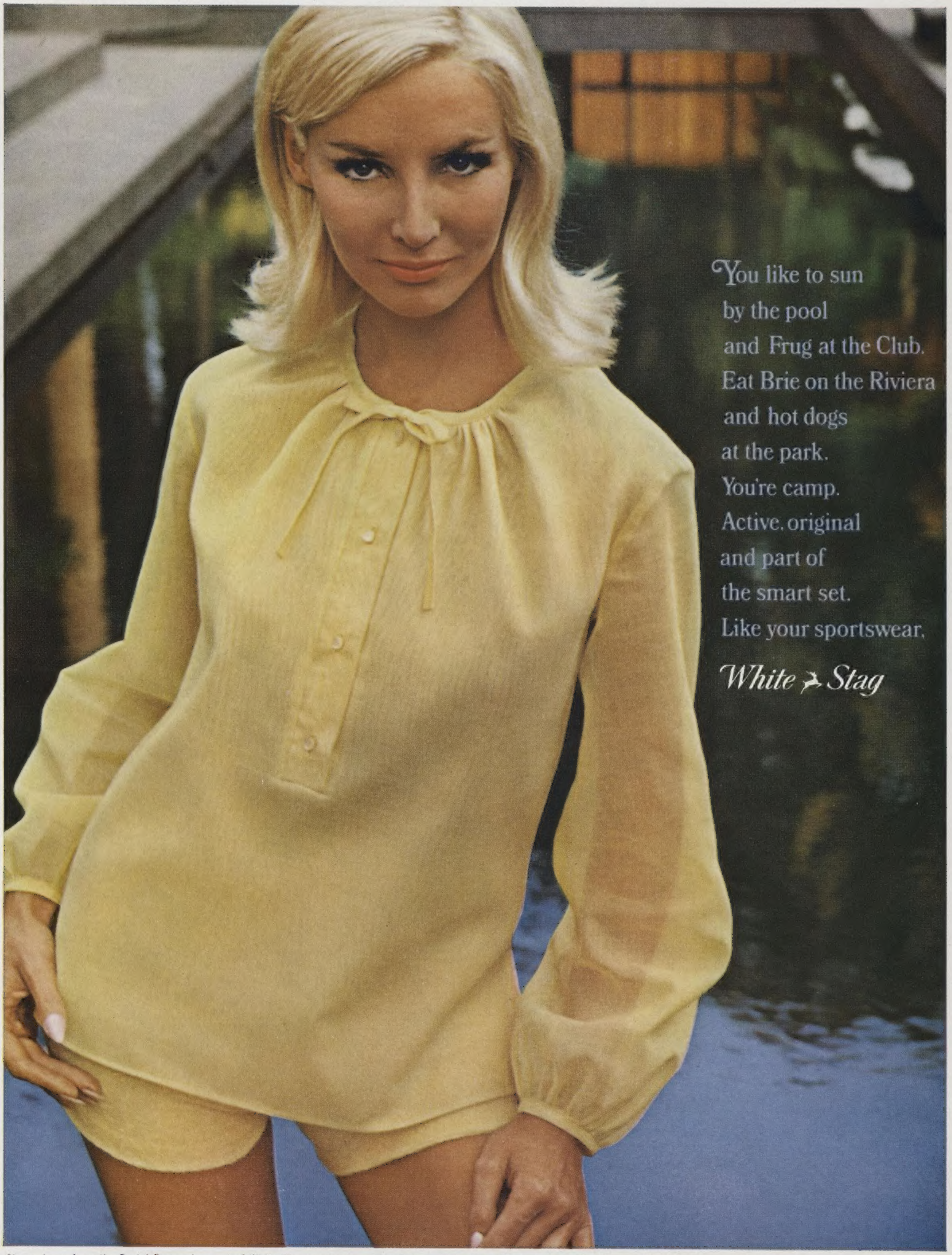
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HOLIDAY...
HIS SNAPSHOTS,
HIS STORY

A PERSONAL REPORT
ON THE FAMOUS
SWISS TREATMENT
OF DR. NIEHANS

BEAUTY
BIOGRAPHIES

RESORT CLOTHES
FOR THE
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Shown here, from the Pastel Pacemakers set of White Stag sportswear: Crisp Paisano Viole Shirt, $7; matching Terry Shorts, $5. Photographed at the home of Architect William Pereira

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photograph by Peter Fink

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JANUARY 15, 1966

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PENN

COVER: Geometrics Sassooning into evening—a small, neat, one-sided, eye-covering coiffure with hollow curls on top. Square curls, round curls, all-around-the-town curls. By Vidal Sassoon-Charles of the Ritz; now also on the scene in Washington, D. C. For the sun places: cutaway shoulders and candy stripes—blue-and-white on one side of the bodice, pink-and-white on the other; short skirt in reverse. By Bill Blass for Maurice Rentner; Galey & Lord cotton. About $125. World-on-a-string earrings by Arpad. All: Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress: Hutzler's; Gidding-Jenny; Frost Bros. Charles of the Ritz lipsticks: Pink Lustre over Bright Pink.

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Photographed at The Hotel Ritz, Paris.

"MADE IN PARIS"

M-G-M celebrates it with an on-the-spot fashion spectacular...

Left: **Jetstart for fashions by Mademoiselle Arlette, via Pan American World Airways.** Here, designed in Paris little-girl jacket with pleated skirt, in chalk-striped navy wool twill. About $70.

Above: **Take two from Paris by Mademoiselle Arlette.** Left, navy worsted wool suit with pleated skirt. About $70. Right, white fibranne jacket over navy dress. About $50. Both check-in-fresh from a fashionable Pan Am flight.

Sizes 3-13; 4-14. Prices slightly higher on the West Coast.

Store Headquarters for the Mademoiselle Arlette collection follow this fashion portfolio.


ORE
MATIN
M.G.M.
" MADE IN PARIS "
SCENE
TAKE



Photographed at Mademoiselle Arlette's Réal Salon, Paris.



Photographed at Le Bistrot de Paris.

ENCHANTMENT OF PARIS...

Seen through the eyes of M-G-M's "MADE IN PARIS"...

Left: **Show-Stoppers from Paris . . . Mademoiselle Arlette's** cowl-necked navy linen, hip-banded in red and white above a fan of pleats. About $35.

Right: Slender, supple, designed-in-Paris costume by **Mademoiselle Arlette.** Sleeveless jacket and dress in black fibranne edged with white grosgrain. About $50.

Above left: **Gourmet Fashion . . .** Here, the lime linen jacket and dress with curvy white piping. About $55.

Above right: Bold diagonal stripes in cherry and white; Bow-necked linen skimmer. About $35.

Sizes: 3-13; 4-14. Prices slightly higher on the West Coast.

All the clothes on these pages designed in Paris for you, by **Mademoiselle Arlette,** for *The Arkins.*

Store Headquarters for the Mademoiselle Arlette collection follow this fashion portfolio.



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BEAUTY CHECKOUT

January 15

A hairpiece by any name

The four hairpieces of a streaked-blonde whom we know all have names. Miss Minnie Cushing (read about her later, page 104) has one named Adolf that she "could not live without." And Mrs. Henry Ford II, Christina Austin Ford, has one named Christina—not by her, but by wig-designer, Count Lorenzo. . . . It's an extra-long (22 inches), extra-heavy (7½ ounces of Northern Italian hair) wiglet that wowed the dancers in the White House at President Johnson's dinner for Princess Margaret and later at the Ballo Romantico in New York. Deeply streaked with frosting to match Mrs. Ford's own brown and gold hair, the towering heights of "Christina," embellished at the back by a dangle, were designed by Mrs. Ford's Grosse Pointe hairdresser, Edward Nepi. Mr. Nepi, queried, had this message. "None of her own hair shows. The hairpiece goes down to the nape. It's tufted. It's 70% blond and 30% brown, as Mrs. Ford's own hair is. Looks very natural. And I don't call it brown with gold, as the press does. I call it brown with *beige*."

Large talk

Hardly a day, it seems, without its medical conference—somewhere or other in the world. Nutrition. Hormones. Adipose tissue. Circulation. Plastic surgery. And, in Munich not long ago, the world's first symposium on anorexia nervosa, a weight-loss condition in which diet is carried to complicated and serious extremes, particularly by young girls in the second decade of their lives (including, for the first time on record, young Japanese girls—especially "girls from families which have Westernized," it was noted). . . . Caught in the Amsterdam airport recently in the thick of a group of conference-bound scientists (just where *was* the plane that was supposed to be going to Milan?), we were treated to the most stimulating eavesdropping we'd ever experienced—all of it understandable because all the talk was in English. Commenting on this to a Swedish scientist in the group, we were told that English has become the universal scientific language because, said he—and the others concurred—"the U.S. has become the world centre for scientific research." . . .

Roll call

Naming a fragrance has always been a slippery business. Names can be violent (Tigress), proper (Paris), provocative (Tabu), or promising (Je Reviens). So we look with interest upon the monikers of eight reputable scents that started making their mark within the past year. 1) *Fiamma* by Princess Marcella Borghese means flame, blaze: an inflammatory substance that reached these shores in the shape of Profumo (perfume) an Acqua di Profumo (cologne) last spring. 2) *Excentric* by Maggy Rouff may be exceptional, but not cranky at all. Rose and jasmine here, plus fifty other ingredients, among them orange blossoms and oak moss. 3) *à Gogo* by Hattie Carnegie means galore. What à Gogo is galore with: jasmine, rose, dusty overtones, new aromatic techniques twelve years in the blending. 4) The name *Ondine*, although not new to our perfume nose, has lately been embossed on a svelte, frosted-glass container which dispenses this namesake of an irresistible water spirit onto the entire body with creamy, fragrant goodness. 5) *Mlle. Ghe* by Nettie Rosenstein. A disarming citrus and floral matter, Mlle. Ghe is a companion scent to Mr. Ghe perfumed lotion for men—pronounced gee as in Mr. G., which is what the Nettie Rosenstein people call their leader, Mr. Gumprecht. 6) *Dachelle Coeur de Parfum* by Lilly Daché means that Daché has extracted the heart of the perfume; more than double the essential oils of conventional perfumes; no alcohol; more durability. 7) *Oh! de London* is a Mod cologne from old Yardley, a "spectacular distillation of moonbeams and flowers," say they. 8) And *Emotion* by Helena Rubinstein is a moving modern blend. Ready to be stirred up? . . .

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Vivid cruise news in a luxurious peacock print costume that packs and vacations in smooth Arnel style. **Mr. Dino's** hand-printed pants set combining a double-knit top of Waumbec's textured *Arnel triacetate,* and pants of Folker's linen-like fabric of *Fortrel polyester and rayon*. 8-18. The set about $50. At Bloomingdale's New York; Bramson's—all stores, Chicago; Burdine's, Miami; B. Forman, Rochester; Robinson's, Los Angeles.

Arnel... a Celanese contemporary fiber



The nicest thing about riding a bicycle is that everyone who rides bicycles talks to everyone else who rides bicycles. In Holland, everyone rides bicycles.

Everyone. Grandmothers, students, executives, nuns, doctors, lovers (wait till you see a pair pedaling along with their arms around each other), farmers—even Her Majesty the Queen.

Cycling is more than just a convenient way to get from one place to another. It's a whole attitude about life. Think of it for a minute.

First of all, it's pretty hard to be stuffy or pompous or pretentious pedaling down to the corner for a beer. And bicycles are people-sized. They won't let you roar through life at sixty miles an hour ignoring everything in your way. Which might be the reason that the Dutch insist on being surrounded with lovely houses, sparkling canals, and billions of flowers.

Cycling makes sure you don't get too big for your britches, too. And in more ways than one. It not only keeps your figure in shape, but it helps to keep you thinking young. Holland is an old country but the Dutch have about the youngest ideas in the world. (Look at some of Holland's wilder avant-garde painters or listen to Dutch jazz. You'll see what we mean.)

Being on a bicycle also teaches a healthy respect for economy. The Dutch insist on value. You'll appreciate that the first time you stop in a broodjeswinkel for lunch. Broodjes, Dutch for delicious sandwiches, is hard to say, but all you'll have to do is point at what you want from the tempting display of cheeses, meats, fish and salads. Two incredibly thick sandwiches and a glass of great Dutch beer will run about 60¢.

But the nicest thing about riding a bicycle is that everyone who rides bicycles talks to everyone else who rides bicycles. But don't take our word for it. Join Holland's bicycle brigade (75¢ a day to rent a bike—we *told* you the Dutch were thrifty) and find out for yourself.

Find out how traveling in luxurious Dutch style aboard a KLM jet or Holland-America Line flagship can start you off on a better European Holiday by starting you in Holland, Europe's hospitable entrance. Clip the coupon for a free, colorful copy of "Welcome To Holland."

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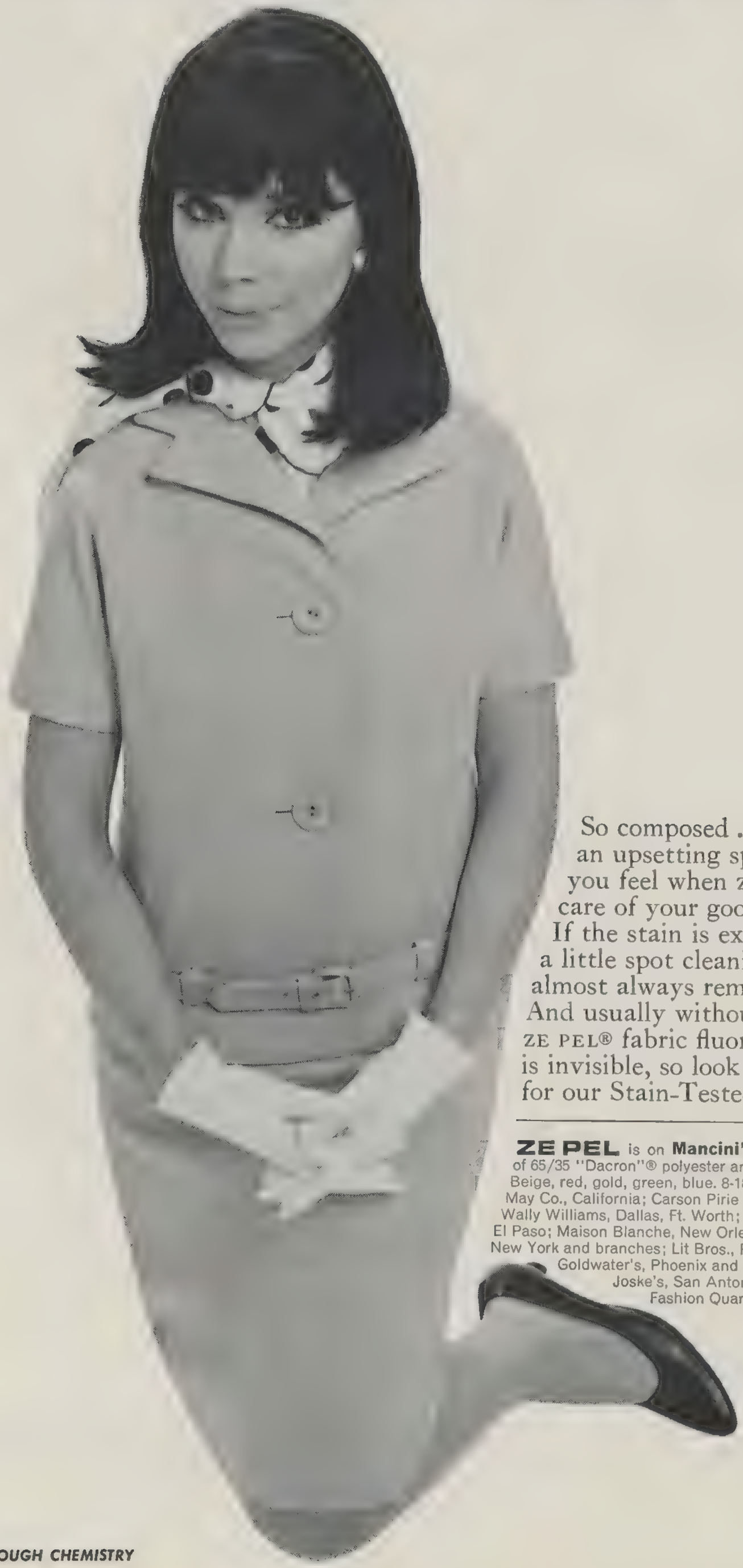
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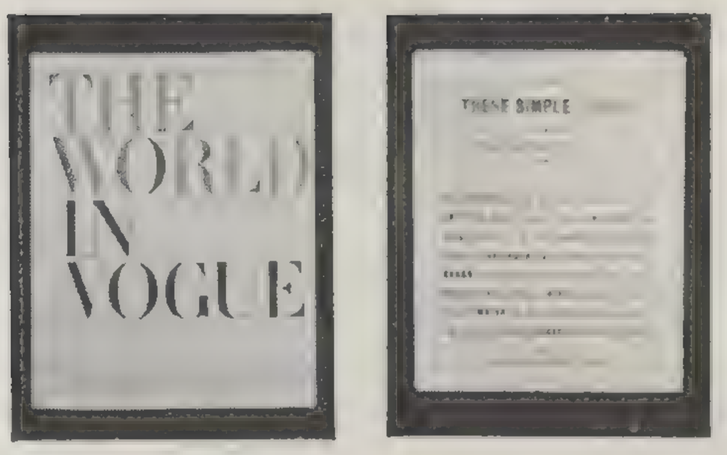
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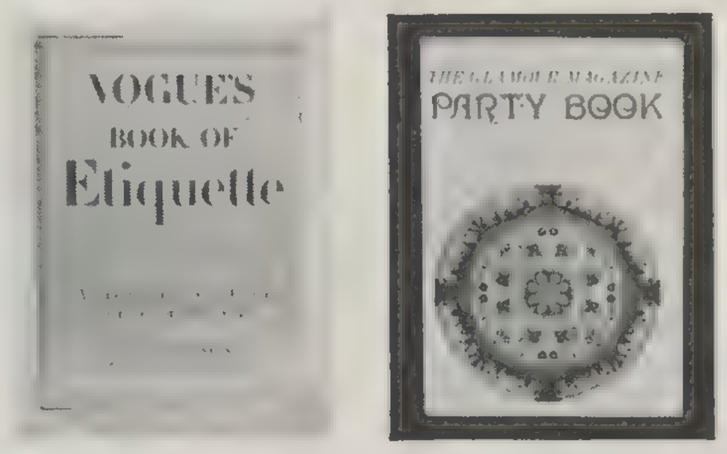
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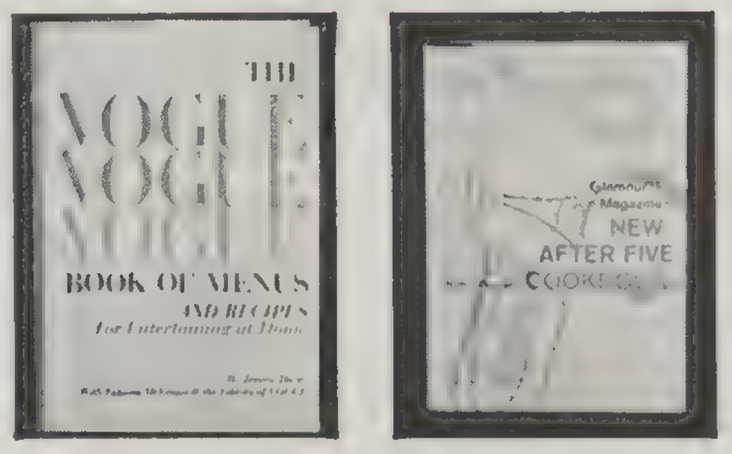
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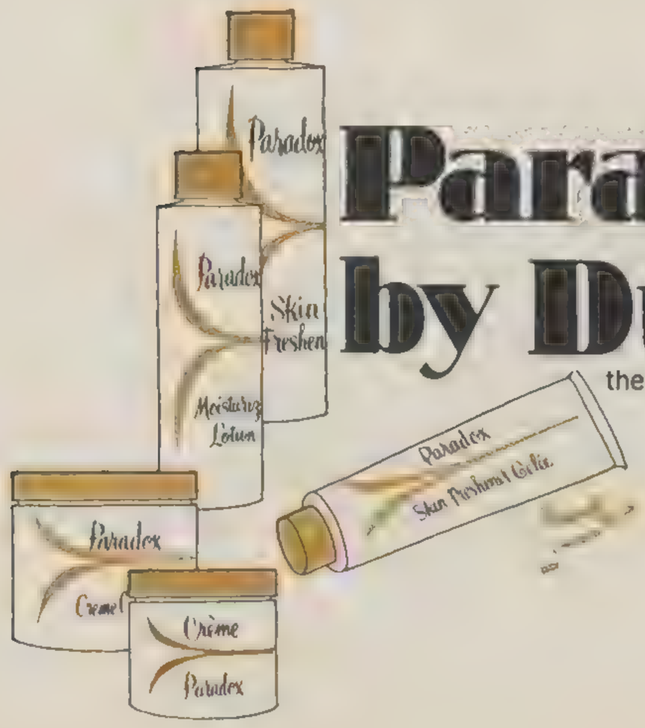
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VOGUE'S

The supercharged ball honouring H.R.H. Princess Margaret and the Earl of Snowdon, in Hollywood

"A mad, wild crush," a guest said. An explosive charge of Hollywood glitter packed itself into the Palladium, freshly done in red, white, and gold, to welcome Princess Margaret and Lord Snowdon at the Imperial WAIF Ball. Through the brouhaha, and above the last-minute saves (the vermeil flatware barely made the dinner), Princess Margaret moved like the hurricane's eye, serene, brilliant in a lapidary-blue dress and coat echoing her spark-blue eyes. The Snowdons made the benefit. The benefit made an unprecedented sum for WAIF-I.S.S., the charity that arranges for the adoption of orphans from many countries. What may have made the Snowdons


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NOTEBOOK

happiest was Bob Hope, a master of ceremonies awash in royal enthusiasm, who said: "I shook hands with a policeman and he curtsied back." 1. H.R.H. The Princess Margaret, Countess of Snowdon, and the Earl of Snowdon with, *far left*, Mrs. Jack LaLanne, Chairman of the ball, and Mr. William H. Welsh, junior; *far right*, Mrs. William H. Welsh, junior, President of the Los Angeles Chapter of WAIF. 2. Miss Kathryn Hays and Mr. Glenn Ford. 3. Mr. and Mrs. Alan Pakula. 4. Mr. and Mrs. Martin Manulis. 5. Mrs. Richard Brooks. 6. Miss Inger Stevens and Miss Hedda Hopper. 7. Mrs. Franco Pesci. 8. Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Franciosa. 9. Mrs. Billy Wilder.


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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK: THEATRE

By ROBERT W. CORRIGAN

Man of La Mancha,

"been there before . . . happy to be back"

Although the theatre is a conjurer's art, we go to it expecting that the magic of the stage will have its own reality. one which compels our belief while it leads us to new frontiers of awareness. How disturbing, then, when the tricks are all too obvious and we are still taken in by them. Such is the case with *Man of La Mancha,* Dale Wasserman's musical version of *Don Quixote* within a frame of Cervantes's life. The play is blatantly sentimental; every effect is calculated to evoke tears: yet in spite of our awareness of this, the tears do come—and are real.

There are numerous reasons for this sleight-of-hand success, the most important being Richard Kiley. A young man, he seemed an unlikely choice to play both the rôles of Cervantes and of his legendary "Knight of the Woeful Countenance," and yet he does so with such an engaging kind of double-jointed grace that now it's hard to imagine anyone else in the rôles. Then there is Albert Marre's exciting and inventive staging. An episodic show, *Man of La Mancha* is well served by ANTA-Washington Square's flexible thrust stage, and no one, to my knowledge, has used this kind of stage more effectively than Marre. Through the juxtaposition of an almost naïve directness of style and a balletic use of space he achieves a rare combination of forceful immediacy and fairy tale. He is greatly assisted by the imaginative setting, lighting, and costumes. Howard Bay's dungeon, with a stairway that seems to approach infinity, gives the stage a quality of limitless dimension. Finally, Mitch Leigh's spirited music, although it occasionally suffers from a light-opera banality, is the crucial factor in the play's overall effectiveness.

The whole evening can be summed up with one example. *Man of La Mancha* opens with Kiley, as Cervantes, coming down those towering steps into the dungeon. At that moment I knew the play would end with him walking back up them singing the likes of "You'll Never Walk Alone." I knew I'd been there before. But somehow I was happy to be back.

Inadmissible Evidence,

"an incendiary brilliance of language"

John Osborne has never lived up to the promise of his early plays, but he has a remarkable capacity for creating great and demanding individual rôles. So it is with *Inadmissible Evidence,* his latest play to be produced here: Not so much a play as a theatrical editorial, it requires a leading actor of prodigious talents. Osborne has such an actor in Nicol Williamson. This twenty-eight-year-old Scotsman's portrayal of Bill Maitland is stunning, well-conceived, and magnificently executed right down to the nervous twitching of his feet—a genuine tour de force performance. But that's all it will ever be, for Osborne's drama of middle-aged withering away never goes beyond an extended monologue in which Maitland not only reveals his emptiness ("We are the hollow men") but judges his mediocrity as well ("Not with a bang, but a whimper"). This could be a sure-fire recipe for dullness; not so here, in part due to an incendiary brilliance of language and to the superb supporting cast. A play like *Inadmissible Evidence* can only work if we believe in and are conscious of all the actors even if they seldom speak. This production is blessed in having actors, especially Peter Sallis, who have clearly mastered the art of continuous reaction. Finally, however, it's Williamson's evening. His performance shouldn't be missed.

VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK:

BOOKS

By JEAN STAFFORD

In Cold Blood,

"a sounding of the depthless evil"

In Cold Blood (Random House), Truman Capote's extraordinarily perceived and brilliantly executed new book, is more than a study of a specific crime and an exhaustive examination of the criminals who perpetrated it. It is a sounding of the depthless evil existing in the sub-strata of society and a clear-eyed look at the eruptions of it into violence, eruptions that now have reached the point of epidemic.

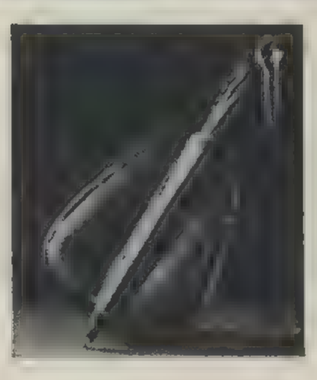
In the death house at Leavenworth, a spree killer once was asked why he did it: "And York, with a self-congratulatory grin, answered, 'We hate the world.' " This speech comes from a supernumerary in the drama, but his insouciance is characteristic of the lower-depth inhabitants of this Hieronymus Bosch landscape on which Mr. Capote focuses his unflinching eye. The truth he tells is stranger than fiction, but he brings into play his own fiction-maker's powers of timing and chiaroscuro and descriptive detail and the manipulation of minor figures. The absorption of his prodigious research has been so complete that he is as authoritative as if he had created the murderers he writes about and the family they murdered (a prosperous Kansas farmer, his wife, and their two children), and the stunned townsmen, and the sundry people encountered on the odyssey that ends on the gibbet. As a result, Capote achieves a form beyond reportage although his material is altogether factual.

The principal figures in this documentary are two youngish punks who at one time shared a cell in the penitentiary where they were both serving time for burglary, grand larceny, passing bad checks. The dissimilarity of the two (beyond their native predilection for stealing) makes their complicity the more sinister and, in the end, the more gruesomely effective. Perry Smith, a half-breed Indian, burns with furious memories of his alcoholic mother and his nomadic father and the lack of home life that sent him into the streets and hence into detention houses where he was brutalized. A motorcycle accident grotesquely shortened his legs and he is often in pain. But he is romantic and the money he dreams of is buried treasure; ambitious to be educated, he is vain of his I.Q.; a prig, he is censorious of his cell-mate's appetite for dirty books and little girls. The cell-mate, Dick Hickock, by trade an automobile mechanic, is an ordinary white Anglo-Saxon Protestant from a "semi-poor" but respectable family; he was a reasonably good student and an athlete of considerable accomplishment; nothing in his background accounts for his monstrousness and in consequence he is the more terrifying of the two. *He* daydreams of Miami Beach and blondes, and the money he wants is not pieces of eight sunk off the coast of Mexico, but the cash which he has been told, by another convict, lies in the safe of Mr. Clutter, the farmer.

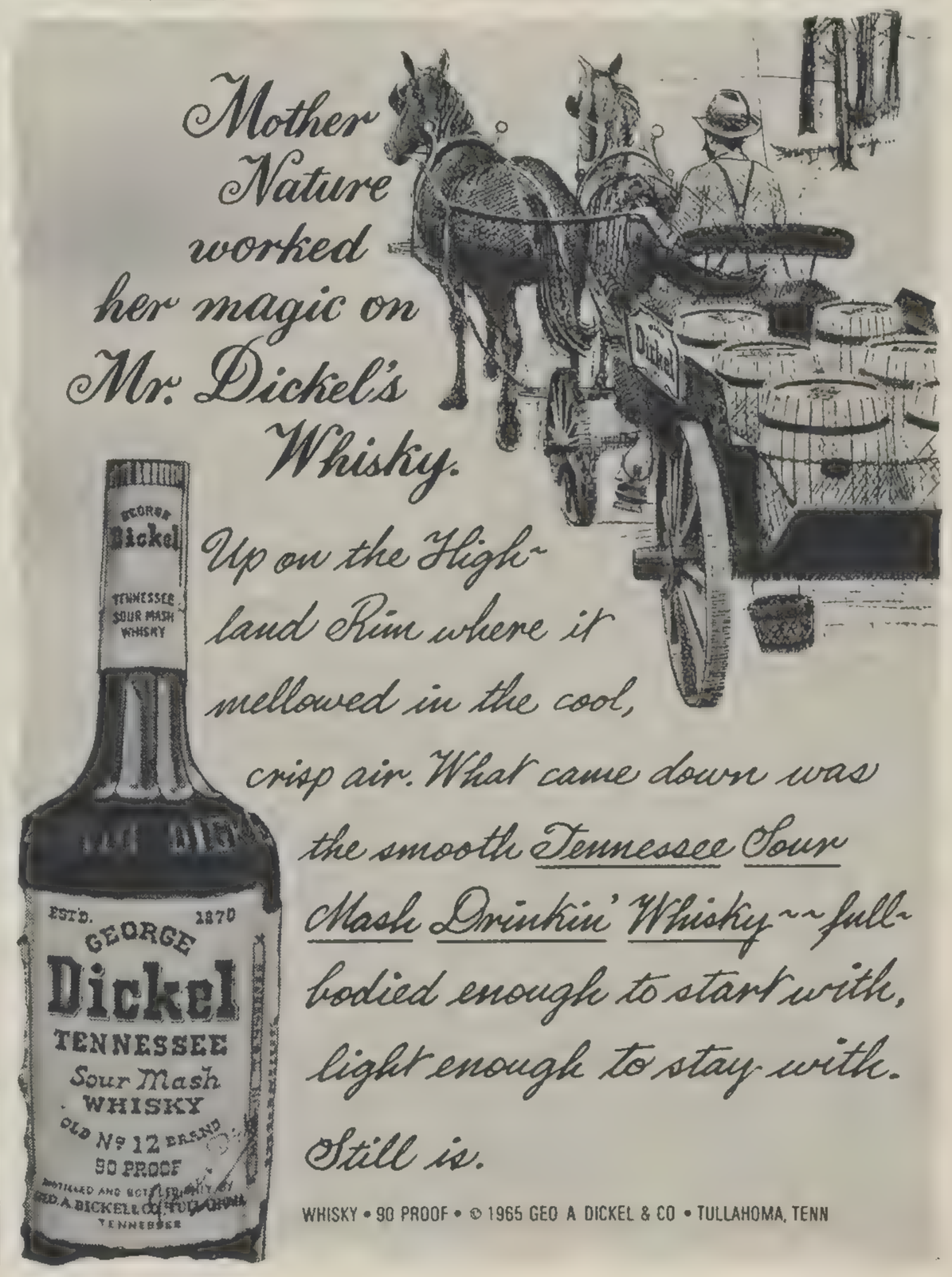
Meeting up "outside the walls," when they are on parole, Dick and Perry proceed to the Clutter farm and methodically carry out the plan they concocted in jail to rob and leave no witnesses; the joker is that there is no safe and they get away with forty dollars and a Zenith radio. But the four Clutters are dead, gagged, adroitly bound, shot through the head for no earthly reason. The reason lies in the *unearthly* nightmare world of Perry, who actually does the killing, and in the obscene languor of Dick. "I'm embraced by shame," said Perry at one time; but Dick, with gallows humour, about to take "a ride on the big swing," said: "I've tried to quit smoking. Then I figure what difference does it make under the circumstances. With a little luck, maybe I'll get cancer and beat the state at its own game."



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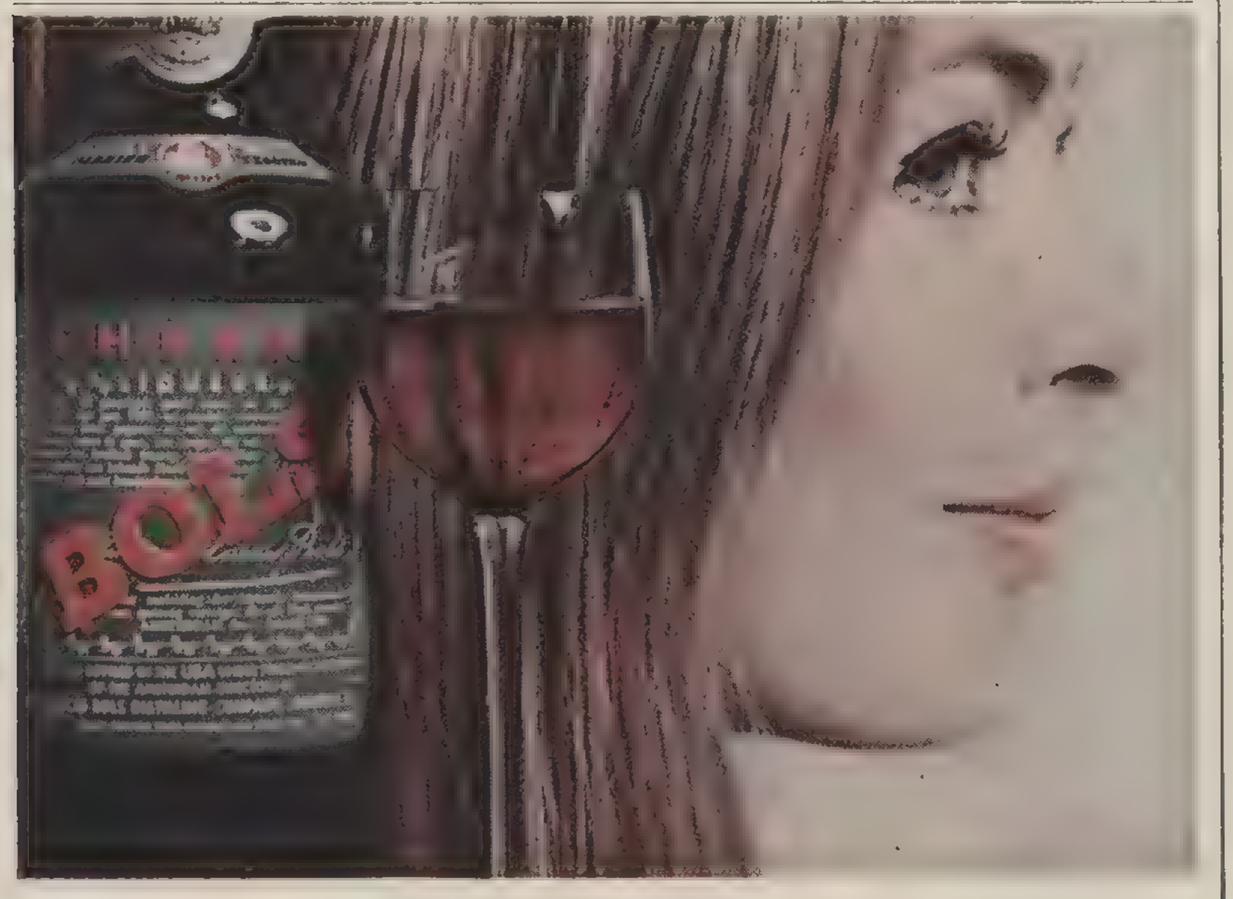


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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK:

MOVIES

By JOAN DIDION

A Patch of Blue,

"barely protoplastic"

Penelope Gilliatt once observed that the trouble with a great many "serious" American and English movies was their "implicit assumption that art is a way of breaking life down into manageable one-cell slabs of goodness and right-mindedness." *A Patch of Blue* is a case in point, a modest effort only barely protoplastic.

"You sound like a voice on the radio," the blind girl tells Sidney Poitier after he has discovered her stringing beads under a tree in a park, and the line is unintentionally acute: Poitier might as well be a voice on the radio, so devoid of nuance is his characterization, if indeed it can be called a characterization at all. What do we know about him? He seems to work for a morning paper (at any rate he has the day free, and once we glimpse him in something resembling a city room), and he lives with a brother who is an intern; they are both "good," although Poitier is more "good" than his brother.

There is no hint as to why Poitier spends his days in a park, no suggestion of the discontent or neurasthenia which commonly drives people to spend their days in parks. It is simply that he has to be in the park to meet the blind girl, and to tell her, when she asks, what "tolerance" means. It means: "You don't knock your neighbour just because he looks different from you." It is the diction of the training film: *Let's hear from you, Bill, what good citizenship means on the local level.*

The entire script has this visual-aid tendency, the unalloyed "good" of the Negro and the blind girl against the relentless "bad" of the girl's mother, who is not only a drunk, a slattern, more cruel than Cinderella's stepmother, and responsible for her child's blindness, but is planning as well to set the girl up as maid-of-all-work in a brothel. Against such a cartoon, burlesqued by Shelley Winters, would it not have been more interesting to write the Negro as a character of some difficulty, a character whose motives have at least the ordinary ambivalence?

Would it not have been less obvious to have cast Carl Lee or Raymond St. Jacques in the rôle, and to have generated some sexual tension? Presumably money can now be raised on Sidney Poitier, but he remains an actor of severely limited range, and all he is playing here is Uncle Tom to Elizabeth Hartman's Eliza-crossing-the-ice, or in this case the street.

Life at the Top,

"ill-advised sequel"

Jean Simmons has always seemed to me to have an extraordinarily touching face, but even that face fails to come through in *Life at the Top*, an ill-advised sequel to the energetic *Room at the Top*. Curiously, there are two potentially interesting characters in the picture: Laurence Harvey's small-time climber who turns out to be not smart enough for the big time, and Miss Simmons's mindless wife who turns out to have the stronger character after all. Both get lost in an indecisive screenplay by Mordecai Richler, and nothing is helped by having Mr. Harvey forever standing around trapped behind an iron gate or watching pigeons fly free. The director was Ted Kotcheff, but the spirit is Daphne du Maurier.



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KUHNER

New switches on Lilly's famous cotton print shifts. Top: long-sleeved Lilly, $55; bikini, $30; adorable culottes left, gathered like 18th c. French curtains, $65; right: trimmed with ruches, $50. At Lilly, 11 Via Mizner. Also Lord & Taylor, New York. . . .

The "Queen of chenille" is what Marianne Spottiswoode is turning into. The workroom behind her little salon must be clattering with needles knitting all those marvellous tops; an evening halter of shiny acid green (ordered with a fitted nude crêpe underbodice), $65; a sunflower gold, tiny-sleeved pull, $55 (that can be ordered with chiffon Zouave pants to match); or a set, of baby bonnet, a poor boy, and ankle-warming puttees, all in sharp enamel blue. $100. (A look, prancing down Madison Avenue in tandem with a cosy fur suit and square-toed patent pumps.) The chenille knits, handmade, one week's wait. Marianne Spottiswoode Boutique, 33 E. 68th Street. . . . ***Jean vanden Heuvel puts all her eggs in one basket.*** She also puts her ballet slippers in wine bottle cylinders, her leotard, handbag, and small packages in the rest of the wicker picnic basket she uses as a tote. Great for skipping from jazz dance class to other errands all over town. The wicker looks extra fresh in the dead of winter slung over the arm of a foxy fur coat. Picnic basket, $7.98; Azuma, 666 Lexington Ave. . . . ***The "Tweedledum" cover-up,*** shaped like an egg with elastic, stem and stern. To wear as a strapless above-the-knee shift, or hiked up further to just cover a bikini. Frightfully comfortable to wear. Made of a pebbly pure Dacron crêpe—grassy-green printed with white dots. By "Little B," $25. Seventh Heaven Boutique, Saks Fifth Avenue. . . . ***The peripatetic pyjama***—sleeveless, wide V-neckline front and back, a very well cut jumpsuit of a pyjama. Can be made up in any of a stack of fabrics, wool jersey, terry cloth, satin . . . $35. One week delivery. Gibson Girl's, a boutique with many cute clothes, surrounded by lots of standard camp décor, 1900 cash register, 1920's Philco radio, etc. 158 E. 50th St. . . .

Men: "In" is individuality, "High Boys."



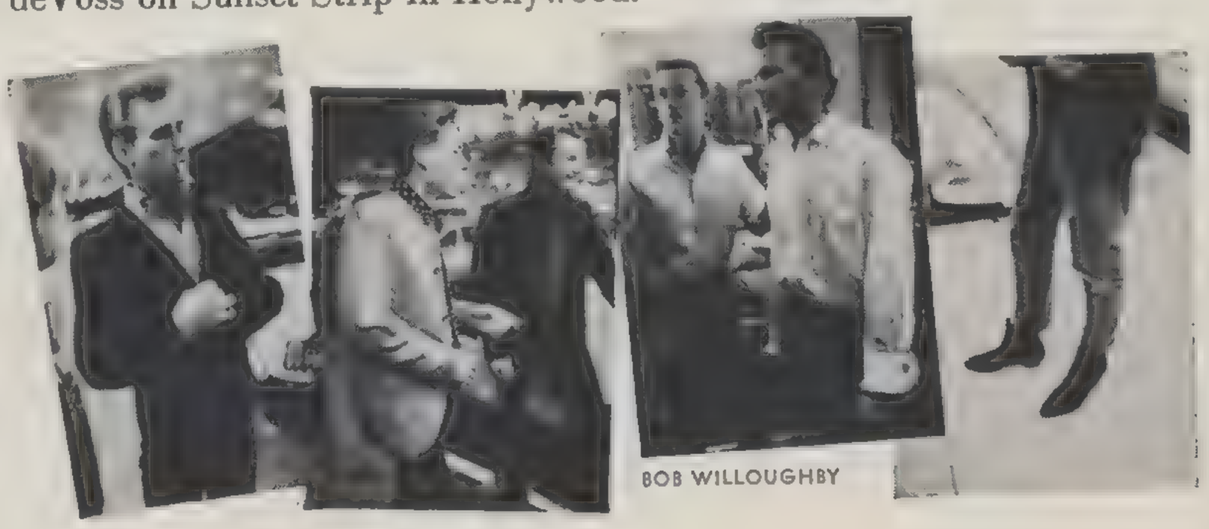
JACK ROBINSON

New York: Tom Wolfe talks about his own clothes.

Everybody knows Tom Wolfe—writer for the New York *Herald Tribune*, author of *The Kandy-Koloured Tangerine-Flake Streamline Baby* (now moving into paperback for spring). But seeing is realizing he's also a blazingly original dresser. His "winter whites" started with a pure white silk tweed summer suit. "I wore it one day in January and it seemed to annoy people . . . to my delight." The suit he's wearing here; bisque twill with black buttons; "always a vestee"; put together with a cream-coloured shirt, a red/black puckered silk tie, impressive black pocket handkerchief, brown suède buckled shoes. He likes blue too. His royal-blue topcoat is just straight flamboyance from lapels to hem, flopping well below his knees. His soft velours hat, deep sapphire, with a baby-blue grosgrain band. Mr. Wolfe's tailor is Jack Newfield, 20 East 53rd Street. "I like stuff with some sense of antique to it." The wide-cut Wolfe ties come from the leftover 1939 stock at Calvin Curtis Cravateur, 60 East 55th Street. "And I like all that stuff that's supposed to be vulgar . . . like white-on-white shirts." Tom Wolfe's theory: men are beginning to dress for a rôle, not a job—projecting their dream of themselves, not their duties. Whatever rôle Tom Wolfe's dressing for, it comes off as what he really is—a star.

Downey California: "Hair Boys" in "High Boys."

Harvey's Drive-In—where thousands of motorized teen-agers gather, expressing their rôles as rebels-setting-styles. (No one seemed at all surprised that Vogue was there to look.) Photographer Willoughby reports. "Without exception the 'Hair Boys' are considered the best dressers. What is de rigueur with everyone is the 'High Boy' shirt, collar at least three inches high—in polka dots, stripes, ruffles and brocade, but *never* ties. Also pointed toe boots, tight pants. The *in* place to buy the look is deVoss on Sunset Strip in Hollywood."



BOB WILLOUGHBY

FASHION FLIES ITS COLORS



Dorothy Cox Designs...Italian silk linen shifts with a very definite place in the sun. Left: Triple signal flag motif in blue, red and yellow on white. Right: Solo signal in blue, red or yellow on white. Sizes 8-18, about $45.

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IN THE TANNER MANNER

the Wooletin

VOL. 3 WW-3165 PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN WOOL COUNCIL

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Adolphe-Zelinka Carves a Soft, Young Shape That's New and Now

The artist here, Adolphe-Zelinka; his material, wool woven on the diagonal by Empire Woolen Mills, artists themselves in the American Way with Wool. In yellow, red, green, white. Sizes 4-16. About $90. For store names, write Dept. 3165, American Wool Council, 570 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y.

WOOL



JANUARY 15, 1966

VOGUE's

EYE VIEW: NEW HAT

Neat hat. Small. Thrust forward. Really taut to the head, showing the clean sharp arc of the skull perfectly.... All very, very sleek—like a little cobra's hood in straw. White straw with a lacquery black band making a terse shining visor over the brow. By Christian Dior. Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Marvella earrings. Kayser gloves.

BERT STERN



Ready to go on the first fine day: the looks on these pages, all dashed out in the cloth of the country—American cloth, in marvellous new surfaces and textures. In the most delicious colourings—clean and subtle, and with all the variety in the world. . . . Throughout this Vogue: U.S. fabrics make the fashion.

COBRA JACKET closed on the fly, left: shades of beige and grey, worn with a beige flannel skirt and tones of greige all the way. Jacket (and a matching sleeveless bodice) by Günter for Leathermode, of Fleming-Joffe cobra; to order. Sloat skirt, of Hockanum wool; about $27. All: Henri Bendel; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin. K.J.L. earrings, Echo scarf: Altman's. Shalimar gloves.

CHOCOLATE BROWN and tiny golden buttons, right: marvellous colouring for a small coat this spring—especially pretty with touches of ivory. This, lined in ivory to wear over an ivory dress. Coat by Oscar de la Renta for Jane Derby, of Anglo wool. Viola Weinberger gloves. Both: Saks Fifth Avenue. Coat: Hutzler's; Halle Bros.; Sakowitz. Bogus pearls: Laguna. Ivory felt fedora on both pages: by Halston, to order at Bergdorf Goodman.

BERT STERN

GO FOR SPRING

THE FASHION
CHOICE MADE IN
U.S. FABRICS





GO FOR SPRING

COPPER SEQUINS

right, full-moon size, shining all over a little slip of a dress in copper jersey. By Gayle Kirkpatrick for Atelier, in jersey of Orlon and wool (Alamac fabric). Rings by Cadoro. All, at Henri Bendel. Dress, also at Himelhoch's. The coiffure, by Sebou of the House of Revlon.

WITCHING PYJAMA

left, black and narrow, starting from bareness with an elasticized top, falling softly to long wide pants. Long stole. Both, black wool crêpe. By Gayle Kirkpatrick for Atelier, of Hockanum fabric. About $120 at Lord & Taylor; Himelhoch's; Bramson; Joseph Magnin. Arpad earrings: Henri Bendel. Elizabeth Arden coiffure, by Aldo. All U.S. fabrics.

BERT STERN

GREEN-EYED GREEN—piercing and marvellous for a narrow coat, left, of double-faced wool fleece, with a deep pleat and low-buttoned belt at the back. By Originala, of Anglo wool fabric; about $250 at Bonwit Teller; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Julius Garfinckel; Hudson's. Fedora by Lilly Daché. Necklace, earrings by Richelieu.

FACE-POWDER PEACH—the complexion of a small suit, right. Jacket shaped and short, a skirt with dirndl ease. By Oscar de la Renta for Jane Derby, of Anglo wool. At Bonwit Teller; Joseph Horne. Hat by Halston, order at Bergdorf Goodman. Jewelled pin: Tiffany. Pale beige kidskin gloves by Shalimar. All, of U.S. fabrics.

BERT STERN

BEAUTY, PRE-PROVED.

You know what face powder does when it's the right face powder: it illuminates. Ditto lipstick, eye shadow, foundation, blushers. And so—and good thinking, we think—Anglo dyed up a series of woollens to match Helena Rubinstein cosmetic shades, then turned these fabrics loose to be made into cosmetic clothes. Suit at right, just one example of a series of colours that can't miss. It's based on the proved becomingness of Helena Rubinstein's Radiant Peach—illuminated face powder and foundation.



GO FOR SPRING



MOBILE FOR HAIR a little spray of gold enamel strips ending in rhinestones. Attaches with a comb, plays over the face like a veil, sways at the turn of a head. By Jack Gilbert; Saks Fifth Avenue.

CHIFFON in fresh pairs of colours—banded asymmetrically or vertically. Red and pink with a float of bias; about $250 at Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Rich's; Dayton's. Stanley Philipson shoes. Green and red dress, and Mimi di N earrings, at Bonwit Teller. Dress: Julius Garfinckel; Joseph Horne; Gus Mayer; Battelstein's. Both dresses: Bill Blass for Maurice Rentner; Stern & Stern silk chiffon. Hair bows, coiffures: Sebou of House of Revlon. All U.S. fabrics.

BERT STERN

GO FOR SPRING





BERT STERN

BRIGHT blooming green, opposite, a small coat of soft fleece with a close funnel neck, black buttons and belt, skirt with walking flare. By Dan Millstein, of Einiger wool; about $130. Emily Wetherby scarf. Both at Saks Fifth Avenue. Marvella earrings. Aris gloves. Lilly Daché hat. Christian Dior stockings. Shoes at Saks Fifth Avenue.

GRAPHIC dress, left, with high square neck, small sleeves —the brightest yellow, banded in black and white. By Leslie Fay, of double-knitted wool; about $30. Earrings by Jack Gilbert. Both at Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress: Halle Bros.; L. S. Ayres; Frederick & Nelson. Gloves by Kayser. Elizabeth Arden coiffure by Aldo. All fabrics: U.S.

GO FOR SPRING





•JERSEY GEOMETRY, left, in tricolour—suit of navy blue, an overblouse of white with designs of navy and red pointing across the shoulders. Short jacket; skirt with riffles of dirndling. By Harvey Berin, of Jasco wool jersey; about $185. K.J.L. earrings. Both: Bergdorf Goodman. Suit: Woodward & Lothrop; Joseph Horne; I. Magnin. Stockings: Beautiful Bryans.

LONG JACKET, right, for a suit of navy-blue wool—looks hand-knitted, is hand-loomed knitting and a little nubby. White buttons run down the front to below the waist, mark high tabbed pockets. By Trigère; at Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Halle Bros.; Neiman-Marcus. Earrings by Marvella. Gloves by Grandoe. Both pages: Halston hat, to order at Bergdorf Goodman. Evins gaiters of Corfam. All in U.S. fabrics.

BERT STERN

GO FOR SPRING



WHITE GAITERS AND NAVY BLUE

The right racy proportions ticked off left and right in the most immaculate way....White to the middle of the calf. Navy to the knee-tops—little slip of a dress at left, thin wool twill with a pretty rise of collar, long slender sleeves. By Charles Cooper for Cooper-Couture, of Lafitte (U.S.) wool; about $125. Lord & Taylor; Montaldo's; Sakowitz; Bramson; and Joseph Magnin. Both pages: Aris gloves....Detailed right, the gaiters that sparkle for all the navy present: mid-calf height, narrow as they go, zipped over black patent pumps with flat squared toes. Evins gaiters of Corfam. Pumps by Golo.

GO FOR SPRING



WHITE DOTS pinpointed, far left, on a short jumping navy wool suit. White piqué weskit and piqué facings laid on like fresh white paint at the collar and cuffs. By Adele Simpson; of Garigue (U.S.) wool. Bonwit Teller; Hutzler's; Frost Bros. Lilly Daché hat.

NAVY SUIT scrubbed with white piqué collar and cuffs, left. White vinyl scarf. White hat. White gloves. White gaiters chalked up on ribbed navy stockings. Handmacher suit of Forstmann wool; about $80. Lord & Taylor; Rich's; Marshall Field. Emily Wetherby scarf. Van S bangles. Miss Alice hat. This page: Beautiful Bryans textured stockings. All in U.S. fabrics.

BERT STERN

GO FOR SPRING

DOUBLE-FACED wool coat, left: outside checks—fawn and ivory set straight on a bias yoke. Ivory inside. Ivory dress delicious underneath. Dan Millstein coat; Warren of Stafford wool. About $125. Lord & Taylor; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Bramson; Montaldo's. Marvella earrings. Shalimar gloves. Cap by Adolfo.

TATTERSALL right: inside tracks of mustard and brown on ivory wool—for a double-faced mustard suède coat, bound in ivory kid. Little matching skimp dress, belted low. Big matching beret. Costume: Anne Klein for Mallory; wool by Balfour; about $215. Saks Fifth Avenue; Dayton's; L. S. Ayres; Neusteters. Laguna jewellery. Hat: Anello for Emme. All U.S. fabrics.



BERT STERN

RAINSUIT–7/8 COAT

Wet-weather gear with a fine-day dash—bright, swingy seven-eighths coats and quick little skirts to match; worn with racing gloves, gaiters or boots.... Peach-coloured gabardine at left; back-belted checks at right, in white and navy.



Rainsuit left, of Lafitte (U.S.) wool; about $160. Crescendoe-Superb gloves. Gaiters, shoes by Nina.

Rainsuit right, of Ria Herlinger wool; about $145. Christian Dior stockings. Golo boots.

Rainsuits, and racing gloves, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Rainsuits: Gidding-Jenny; L. S. Ayres; Neiman-Marcus. Adolfo hats.

BERT STERN

FLY-FRONT rainsuit, right, swinging in beige gabardine. Seven-eighths-length coat, wider collar, flap pockets. Far right, knee-top coat and matching skirt—variation on the rainsuit-idea in double-faced twill, navy backed with white.



Rainsuit, left, of Lafitte (U.S.) wool; about $160. Halston hat, to order at Bergdorf Goodman. Costume, right, of Sheraton-TSM wool; coat, about $160; skirt, about $30. Hat by Adolfo. Both costumes: Saks Fifth Avenue; Rich's; Gus Mayer; Dayton's. Judith Green pin. Beautiful Bryans stockings. Golo boots. Rain turnouts, both pages, with Zepel water-repeller. All by Bill Blass for Bond Street. All in U.S. fabrics.

GO FOR SPRING



GREY WITH CHECKS of grey and white at the collar and cuffs—a springy little suit, far left. By Abe Schrader, of wool (Westwood fabric); about $90. Ciner earrings. K.J.L. bracelet. All at Bonwit Teller. Suit: Julius Garfinckel; Hudson's. Mr. John hat. Beautiful Bryans stockings. Shoes by Herbert Levine.

WOVEN WHITE CHECKS for a coat, left, with a low belt, flapped patch pockets, gilt buttons. By Zelinka-Matlick, of Creslan and worsted (Berroco fabric), with a little matching sleeveless dress inside. Costume, about $170. Ciner necklace and earrings. All at Altman's. Costume, also at Dayton's; J.W. Robinson.

WHITE, SHAPED to a narrow A—a coat, right, of firm wool with small shoulders, low patch pockets. By Christian Dior-New York, of Anglo wool. K.J.L. earrings. Both: Saks Fifth Avenue. Coat: Gidding-Jenny; Harzfeld's; Neiman-Marcus. Adolfo cap. Gloves by Crescendoe-Superb; at Altman's. All: U.S. fabrics.

BERT STERN

GO FOR SPRING

OVER THE SHOULDER goes the biggest little bag in fashion. Putty suède, left, going bright on a ribbon of stripes. Going racy with bare-knuckle gloves of putty leather. Coblentz bag. Grandoe gloves. Joseph Warner earrings. All: Bonwit Teller. Grey suède suit: Viola Sylbert for Albert Alfus; about $145. Mark Cross; Livingston's; Woolf Brothers. Coiffure: Charles, Vidal Sassoon.

THE BIG TIME told, right, by a bold-faced watch, boldly strapped. Hamilton battery-powered electric watch, $110. Lambert Brothers. Ben-King white leather strap: Altman's. Aileen ribbed cotton sweater, $6. Macy's.

GO FOR SPRING

BERT STERN





Two perfect little shapes: a dress and coat that come together—both designed by Jacques Heim; Vogue Paris Original Model 1540.

DOUBLE-FACED COAT, opposite (and carried, left)—marvellously smooth, narrowed, with slit pockets, back belt. Double-faced fabric—firm but unweighty: cream wool, Tattersall-checked in black; the flip side, solid cream wool that turns over at the collar, acts as coat lining.

SHELL OF DRESS, left, all pure narrow curves, in cream wool twill. Both fabrics by Anglo, at Lord & Taylor. Hat by Halston; made to order at Bergdorf Goodman. Kayser stockings. Viola Weinberger gloves; white leather gaiters by Mercury; both at Altman's. Square-toed shoes by Golo. All in U.S. fabrics. For sizes, yardages, sewing details, see page 123.

BERT STERN

GO FOR SPRING

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . John Lindsay's first implausible fortnight as Mayor of New York. . . . Vietnam, especially the nonstop talk in Washington where at dinner parties U. S. strategy is discussed like a three-hour stereo tape. . . . The new political climate of France, shook-up, exhilarated, with the younger crack politicals already lining up for the next Assembly elections in 1967. . . . Andy Warhol's silvery pillow, four feet by two feet, that floats, filled with helium, around his studio.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . *Cactus Flower,* a basically silly farce, revved up by the wit of Abe Burrows's two-line jokes spread over a skinny plot like hollandaise and by the mandarin, crunchy style of Lauren Bacall and by Barry Nelson who crouches along as though about to throw a discus of comic elements. . . . The Belgian singer, Jacques Brel, who knocks them in the aisles in Europe's music halls, has a strong voice, deliberately funny legs. . . . The emotionally tatty movie, *Life at the Top,* a follow-up of *Room at the Top.* . . . In Paris, the zizz of Marguerite Duras's new play, *Des Journées Entières dans les Arbres,* and of Madeleine Renaud, fantastic in it.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The persuasiveness of the odd pronunciations of the Roger Miller folk song, "England Swings." . . . *You Can't Take It With You,* a 1936 comedy by George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart, whose sharp lines and characters have the bite of crocodiles. . . . The reasonably new New York restaurant, Lafayette, that hit like a belt on the chops, its food as good as its guests. . . . The (Continued on page 129)

MR. AND MRS. THOMAS SCHIPPERS

The Thomas Schippers are a unique couple. At only thirty-five, he belongs in any list of the seven greatest living conductors. Married last April to the former "Nonie" Phipps, Tom Schippers is half of a couple who are basically handsome, easy, organized, worldly, intense, and highly knowledgeable. The core of *their* life is his double rôle of conductor at the Metropolitan Opera Company for the tenth season and guest conductor of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra for the fifteenth season. Both the Schippers have a candid charm, low, clear voices, stern spines, and a conquering determination. Together they are formidable, only partly because they are so enormously good-looking. In addition, Thomas Schippers has talent fortunately put to hard work. As he is always in demand, his plans for the next eight months include the Spoleto Festival of which he is artistic director, conducting in May the Metropolitan Opera Company's first performance in Paris since 1910, and opening next September the Metropolitan Opera's new house at New York's Lincoln Center with the world première of the new Samuel Barber opera, *Antony and Cleopatra.* The reason for this exhausting schedule is that Schippers has in generous quantities the four qualities of a great conductor: rhythm, warmth, a sense of form, and, above all, drama which includes the ability to hold the eye and ear, and thus to move audiences.



CECIL BEATON



The "Sylvia", a white sailing yacht of grace and speed (seen here anchored in the bay at MYRA, TURKEY), manned by an all-Italian crew of courage and charm. Last summer, when the "Sylvia" spent a month sliding among the Greek islands and along the stark coast of Southern Turkey, most of the passengers were Italian as well, including the hosts of this Elysian adventure, Gianni and Marella Agnelli, and their young son, Edvardo; also PRINCE Adolfo CARACCIOLO, who was chaperoning his beautiful daughter, ALLEGRA. The other guests were: a gentleman from Copenhagen, MR. Eric Nielsen; and two Americans: this scribe, and a charming Tycoon from Washington, D.C.: MRS. Philip GRAHAM.

THE SYLVIA ODYSSEY

(handwritten)

Photographs with ^ Comment

by

TRUMAN CAPOTE



Carlo, a crew-member, looking like a stone head among the stone ruins along lonely TURKish shores.

Marella, directing a speed-boat into safe-harbor at a Turkish cove where we want to bathe. But, lovely as it was, it turned out not to be too damned safe— a flock of wild bees swarmed out to meet us.



A STOP AT SPETSOPOULA



— the GREEK island privately owned by STAVROS NIARCHOS. Above, EUGENIA NIARCHOS in one of a fleet of little al fresco FIATS used to jaunt about the island's mountainous, pheasant-infested roads, what a place! — for example, there are two yachts in the harbor: the "CREOLE," that famous black pearl of the Aegean, and the comely "EROS," which is known as "the guests' yacht." OTHER ITEMS: a helicopter-port, from whence you can helihop to ATHENS in 50 minutes; a Hansel-and-Gretel hunting-lodge hidden high in cool pine-STREWN hills; a classic white GREEK-island church with windows of pure colored red glass and green glass; a white-sand beach, immaculate as a Japanese rock garden, and a beach-house complete with Sauna-bath and a jukebox STOCKED with everything from BACH to 'The SUPREMES.'

All in all, the NIARCHOS self-made paradise (the island was an uninhabitable rock when they bought it eight years ago) is quite an ILLUSTRATION of what you can do with money And A Romantic Imagination

Suddenly, while swimming in the green, ice-clear waters of a Turkish bay near MYRA, Kay Graham shouted: "my God! Look! That animal! That octopus!"

Everybody rushed shoreward — except little Eduardo and crew-member Giorgio, who captured the WRITHING beast, slew him, and, later, sliced, fried, and ate him



On the beach at remote and serene Olympus: a happy Kay Graham, an uninterested camel, and a congregation of friendly and very interested Turkish mountaineers — hard, weathered fellows who fed us delicate cakes, hot mint tea, and, through an interpreter, amused themselves by shyly flirting with the ladies





Foreground: Marilla.

← Background: a trout-river with waterfalls near side.

↓

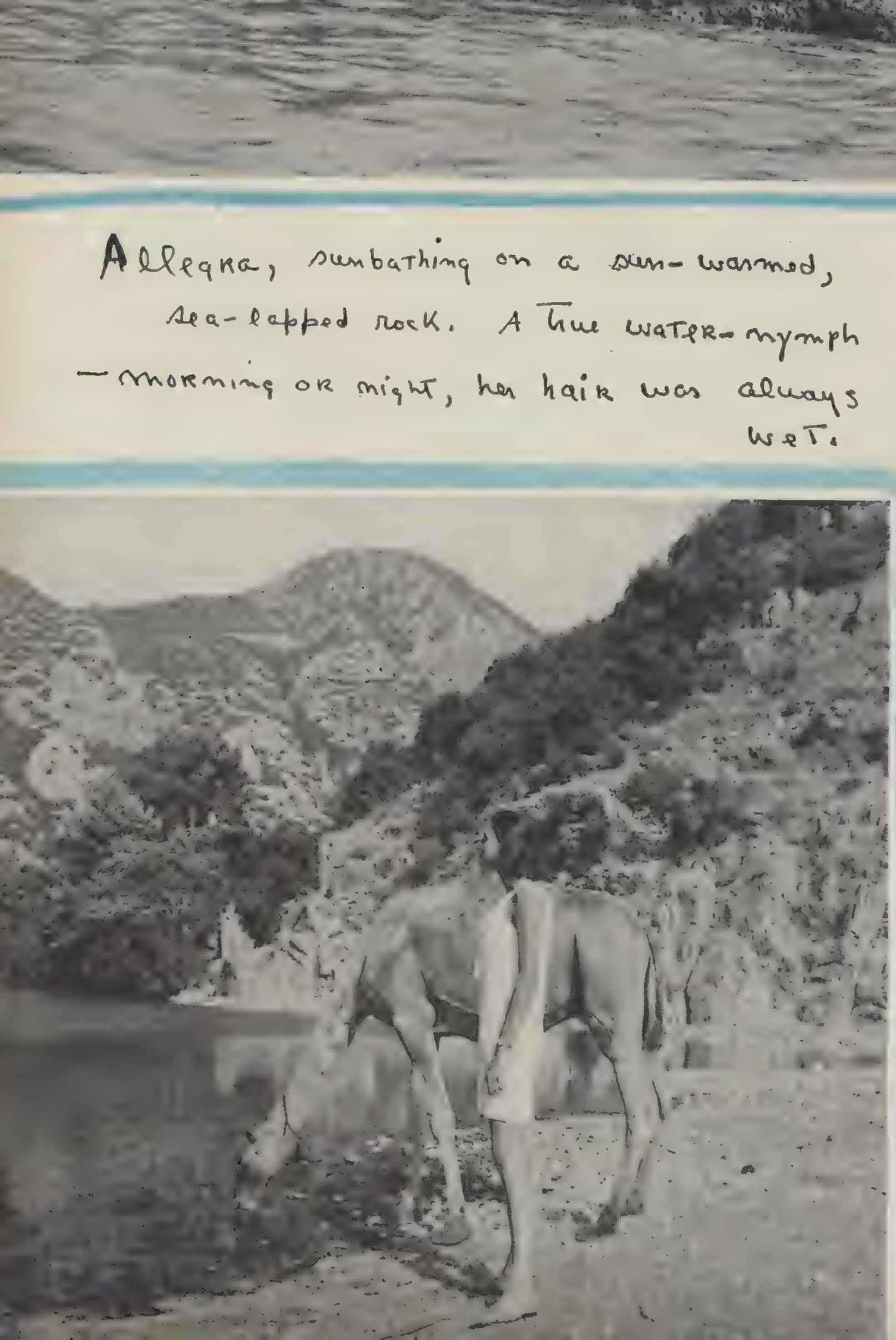
Life Aboard Ship: as the 'Sylvia' cuts through a moon-bright sea, Marilla and Eric Nielsen sip cold aperitifs while waiting for the Cook to dish up the pasta (on which I've gained 6 pounds).



Three generations of a finely-made Italian family, Right to left: Marella, son Eduardo, and Marella's elongated, languid, witty Uncle, Prince Adolfo Caracciolo. Someone once said of Marella: "It took two thousand years to produce that face." Yet the interesting thing is: her mother was not Italian, nor even Latin, but American — a famous American beauty born + bred in Pass Christian, Mississippi (of all places).



Allegra, sunbathing on a sun-warmed,
sea-lapped rock. A true water-nymph
— morning or night, her hair was always
wet.





Allegra again.
A classic girl.
These snaps do no
justice. None whatever.
She is twenty; someone
so young seldom
possesses mystery. Allegra
does.

Among the Ruins of Turkish OLYMPUS — which are hell to get to, I might add: one all but CRAWLS through sweltering Turkish "jungles." Beautiful; but oh the heat. In desperation, I hurled myself fully clothed into the depths of this frigid river (frigid because it is fed by melted snow sliding down the TAURUS mountains).

* * *

YOURS TRULY ABOARD A POOR DONKEY. PHOTO by. KAY GRAHAM



I took the NIEHANS *treatment*

BY HELEN WORDEN, an American author and journalist whose career has ranged from reporting for the famous New York *World* through a stint as foreign correspondent, another as Dorothy Dix, and more than half a dozen books. In this article she documents her first-hand experience, as patient and writer, with the Swiss doctor Paul Niehans. A pioneer in cellular therapy—the injection of embryonic animal cells into human beings as a means of restoring health and energy and especially of prolonging health and well-being far beyond the normally euphoric years—Niehans is his own guinea pig, his own medical exhibit. Now in his eighties, he looks fit and lean, pursues an absorbing professional life that is neither curtailed nor relaxed. Miss Worden's article is drawn from extensive personal research for her forthcoming book, *Who Is Dr. Niehans?* As of this writing, the Niehans treatment has not been officially recognized by American medical men, nor does the F. D. A. permit the importation of sicacells (frozen or dried cells) into this country except for purposes of research.

For years the great and near-great have been flocking to the Clinique du Prairie at Clarens, Switzerland. These people are patients of Paul Niehans, an eighty-three-year-old philosopher, theologian, and physician who is the master of an original technique for administering cellular therapy.

Cellular therapy, as Dr. Niehans practises it, consists of injecting into the patient a saline solution that contains certain cells taken from an unborn lamb. The Doctor selects cells which correspond in type to the ailing cells in the patient's body. If the patient suffers from a liver complaint, Niehans mixes fresh liver cells of an unborn lamb in the saline solution; if it is a thyroid deficiency, he uses fresh cells from the lamb's parathyroid, and so on. He uses only the organs of unborn lambs because sheep, in addition to being the healthiest of all animals, are in his opinion cancer-resistant. The sheep he uses graze in the Alps on pasturage uncontaminated by insecticides or artificial fertilizers. The health of each animal is certified by a government veterinarian.

To obtain the cells Niehans goes to the Montreux abbatoir, renders the mother sheep unconscious with a tap on the head, performs a Caesarian, removes the womb containing the unborn lamb, places it in a sterilized satchel. Then he hops into a waiting automobile and races to the Clinic—a three-minute drive. In the operating room he prepares the cellular therapy injection by macerating whatever organ of the lamb he intends to use and mixing it in a saline solution.

Time is of the essence. The cells must be fresh. Within the hour Niehans has injected the cells into the patient. They travel through the lymph glands to the trouble centre, wherever that may be, and at once start to reinforce the patient's ailing cells.

Dr. Niehans has given more than 25,000 injections to people from all over the world, many of them Americans. Patients come on an average of twenty-six a week; they stay five days at the Clinic and pay from $1,000 to $2,000 depending upon the number of injections administered and which room they occupy. A single injection costs $150; the price is fixed by the Government.

Contrary to claims of charlatans who try to copy Niehans, his therapy is neither a cure-all nor a fountain of youth. It won't make you young again, but it does help you to enjoy good health and be useful while you are on this earth—as I can testify, for I took the treatment.

Niehans himself makes no claims. Word of the results is passed along by enthusiastic patients. Yet most doctors condemn him for what they term his unscientific approach and for his cavalier attitude toward correspondence and records.

He ranks high with those scientists—particularly in Germany—who understand and appreciate him. Fifteen of these men put together last year a book on cellular therapy and dedicated it to him. Nonetheless, he remains a prophet without honour in his own land and one of the most controversial figures in the medical world today.

This Greek chorus has been tuning up ever since 1954, when Pope Pius XII, then gravely ill, summoned Niehans to the Vatican. The Pope credited the Swiss specialist with his recovery and subsequent four active, useful years of life. As a reward the Pope appointed Niehans a member of the Pontifical Academy to succeed the late Sir Alexander Fleming, discoverer of penicillin. The Pope's approval didn't make things any easier for Niehans. In fact, it only swelled the number of angry voices as powerful Swiss and British pharmaceutical groups joined the chorus. This was understandable because cellular therapy discourages the use of drugs and vitamins.

Until 1954 Niehans's cellular therapy research and work was dismissed by his critics as so much quackery. "Cellular therapy bears about as much relation to medicine as a Picasso drawing does to anatomy," one American doctor told me.

The bewildered Dr. Niehans who till then had been quietly pursuing his cellular therapy explorations in tranquil Clarens suddenly found



SABINE WEISS

DR. PAUL NIEHANS, A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH

himself the centre of an international controversy.

Such loyal patients as Lillian Gish, Gloria Swanson, Hedda Hopper, Ibn Saud of Saudi Arabia, and several Texas oil millionaires acclaimed him the Einstein of the medical world, while the opposition continued to brand him a quack. Hundreds of articles and dozens of books about him, based for the most part on half-truths, were published in all languages. But among those who worshipped and those who criticized there were unanswered questions.

I, too, found myself wondering. Was Niehans's cellular therapy sound? Being a reporter, I determined to see this man who obviously had an important story to tell. An opportunity did not come until the spring of 1962 when my husband and I decided to go to Europe.

Eight years after my first husband, John Erskine, died, I married Harry (William Henry Harrison) Cranmer, a Western mining executive who, like myself, was born in Denver, Colorado. The mines he managed and developed were in Utah, so we commuted back and forth between Salt Lake City, his home, and New York City, my home. The strain of this long-distance commuting, plus the stress of family and business problems, wore us down. Through no fault of our own, we had become enmeshed in a series of incredible episodes as sinister as a Dostoevski novel. A small grandson died under tragic circumstances. Trusted employees and associates betrayed my husband. As a consequence Harry developed serious heart trouble and I fell prey to aches and pains. We looked and felt like wrecks when, on one of our flying trips to New York, we were invited to lunch by Lillian Gish, a friend of mine for many years. "What you two need is Dr. Niehans," she said. "I went to him a couple of years ago feeling much as you do, Helen, and found his cellular injections little short of miraculous."

She said he accepted only about one out of every ten people who applied for treatment and suggested that we telephone him when we reached Paris.

We did so, and Dr. Niehans said, "Come this weekend. I will see you Monday at nine-thirty. My office is in my villa at Burier, between Montreux and Vevey. I suggest that you stay at the Palace Hotel in Montreux or the Three Crowns in Vevey."

We took the train for Montreux; the first stop was Dijon where I had gone with John Erskine in his last illness, hoping that a trip to his beloved Burgundy might restore him to health. Before he died he said to me, "If I die first, don't be Lot's wife, Helen. Look forward, not back." Resolutely I forced myself to think of the future.

Gliding through the grey-green of a Corot spring landscape, Harry and I fell to talking about Dr. Niehans. We had heard him discussed pro and con in Paris. Some credited him with restoring them to health. Others said they believed he had had failures. Still others spoke of his immense experience as a surgeon—about 50,000 successful operations—before launching on his career in cellular therapy. They mentioned the World Congress of Medicine held at Karlsruhe in 1954, which reserved one day and a half for the discussion of his cellular therapy. They told of more than 400 doctors regularly practising it in Germany, in Spain, and in Switzerland, and said it was a method that could no longer be ignored.

Paris friends also told us that Paul Niehans had married an Englishwoman, Coralie Marsh, late in life. They had one child, a daughter, and now had two grandchildren. Niehans, they said, was a nephew of the late Kaiser Wilhelm II of Germany, as his mother had been a natural daughter of the Kaiser's father, Emperor Frederick III. This Dr. Niehans later confirmed in his talks with us. Lillian Gish had described him as a true aristocrat—charming, unassuming, and kind.

At nine-thirty Monday morning we were at Dr. Niehans's villa in Burier, a ten-minute drive from our hotel. The villa is a white stone mansion framed by dark cypress trees on a summit overlooking Lake Geneva. Entwined in the design of the wrought-iron entrance were the initials "P.N." A maid led us to an impressively furnished reception room and told us that Professor (in Europe a doctor is addressed as "Professor") Niehans would see us in a few minutes.

Presently a distinguished grey-haired man, who bore a strong resemblance to Kaiser Wilhelm, entered, hand outstretched in welcome. He wore a tweed suit and his tie matched the blue of his eyes. His step was firm, his cheeks pink, the movement of his body buoyant. He appeared to be in his early sixties; later I learned that he was eighty at the time.

In front of the big plate-glass window facing Lake Geneva stood a huge black-and-gold desk on which were a bronze plaque of the Emperor Frederick III and a miniature bust of Richard Wagner. On one end of the desk were piles of unopened envelopes tied in neat packs. The Doctor smiled as he saw me eyeing them.

"I am my own secretary," he said. "Whatever those desiring cellular therapy write to me is confidential. So I am never caught up with my mail." Since he receives about fifty letters a day, his friends advise him to get a secretary.

"But many of my patients are internationally known," he explained. "If news of their ill-health should inadvertently leak out, a political or financial crisis in their country might result."

He reached for his pen. "First I shall question each of you and make my diagnosis—after that the Abderhalden test."

This test—a unique diagnosis of the patient's physical condition, is very much a part of the Niehans treatment. It was developed by Emil Abderhalden, a Swiss chemist who believed that protein from damaged cells enters the blood and urine.

"The Abderhalden reaction provides a valuable insight into the overall functional status of the patient's organism," said Dr. Niehans, "and enables me to assess the function of numerous organs for which no other practical test procedures exist."

Emil Abderhalden was professor of Physics at the University of Dresden until World War II. He died shortly after the War ended and was succeeded by his son, Rudolf, who headed the laboratories at Basle until his death last August. Fortunately, their work is still being carried on by others. I noticed several reports bearing the Abderhalden name on Niehans's desk.

The Doctor listened attentively to our (Continued on page 121)

Sinuous, curving, shaped to the rounded slope of an olive-clad French hillside...seeming almost to grow out of it...an extraordinary group of houses, like abstract sculptures or troglodytic dreams, is rising now at Castellaras, in southern France. Designed by Jacques Couelle, no two are alike. Each house is a "habitable sculpture," mainly of reinforced concrete, ochre in colour, and moulded by hand—into rooms like surrealist grottoes; roofs that disappear into the hillside, with gardens planted on top of them; patios that lure the eye from the sheltering, hollowed-out interiors to distant azure views of valley, sea, and mountains....Windows are traps for the sun, the scented Mediterranean air, and are rounded like the openings of caves; everything is rounded, curved, as in nature. More on the next 21 page-.

NEW PLACE IN THE SUN:

CASTELLARAS


MARC LACROIX



MARC LACROIX

CASTELLARAS

Like plants clinging to a rock, or sponges to a reef, the Castellaras houses seem part of the Provençal earth; the builder, Jacques Couelle, a keen student of biology, is fascinated by the anatomy of plants, and especially by sponges. . . . Each house—with its curving lines and warm, Lascaux-cave colours—fulfills Couelle's demand that "the house should enter on tiptoes into the landscape." And each, like a living thing, is completely oriented to the sun . . . rooms, corridors, and patios are sun-flooded in winter; in summer, cool, shadowy, yet luminous. . . . Of a cluster of seven houses, two are completed. Shown here: floor plans of the first house, photographs of the second. . . . Above, *left:* looking across the patio, with its dolmen-like concrete columns, rough hand-trowelled arches. Above, *right:* the funnel-like fireplace in the two-level living room; on the concrete walls, the plank marks—*brut de décoffrage*—are purposely preserved. *Below:* in the living room, a mural by Georges Mathieu, a bright slash of red, black, white; floor of dark-green porphyry—a native stone—red-splashed.







THE DJELLABA—IN A NEW SUN PLACE

Against the strangely-fenestrated ochre wall of a Castellaras house, *right:* a long, soft ivory djellaba with its hood flung back as a collar and trimmed in Moroccan-orange braid—at home in all the sun places now. To slide on over a bikini, over anything . . . or nothing. This, by Chezelle, of textured Arnel and nylon (Stehli fabric). About $40. At Henri Bendel; Nan Duskin; Himelhoch's; Bramson. Moroccan straw hat, orange tassels: Adolfo. On the pages ahead: more fashion for sun places, more views of Castellaras.

HENRY CLARKE



FASHION FOR THE

SUN PLACES



Leading the dash to the sun places—leggy pants turned out with their own jackets in sharp, sturdy awning cottons. Cigarette-leg hip pants, left, and bush jacket in husky beige denim. Undershirt top, of ribbed beige knit. All, by Sylvia de Gay for Robert Sloan. Pants about $30, and jacket about $40, of Cone cotton; top of Fortrel, rayon, and flax, about $16. Calderon hipbag. All: Altman's. Turnout, also at Halle Bros.; Stix, Baer & Fuller; I. Magnin. White ducks, cavalry jacket, right: impeccable—straight trousers, long vented jacket. By Cuddlecoat, in Astrup cotton duck. About $55. Altman's; Woodward & Lothrop; Hudson's; Joseph Magnin. Greta shoulderbag: Henri Bendel. Shown in the cool, tunnel-like interior of one of the new houses at Castellaras, France. All coiffures, except those with the black bathing suits further on in these pages—by Joshua of Vidal Sassoon. Fashions on all 19 pages in U.S. fabrics.


HENRY CLARKE

SCULPTURED WHITE FOR THE SUN

PLACES Puffed white cotton, left, bubble-textured: a sun or stars dress with wide V neck, a long trail of small pearly buttons down the front. With it: more splashes of white, the glow of golden skin. By Hannah Troy, in cloqué of Dacron, cotton, nylon (Galey & Lord fabric); about $90. At Bloomingdale's; Nan Duskin; Joseph Magnin. Carved white twill, above, with bare rounded neck, short sleeves, a narrow belted waist. By Adele Simpson, in twill of Dacron and cotton (Galey & Lord fabric); about $90. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Rich's; Hovland-Swanson; Sakowitz. Both pages: hats by Anello for Emme; Bernardo sandals. Photographed at Castellaras.

Brilliant stroke of white, below, to blaze away the day or late-day hours of a sun place now—a shift with curved cap sleeves, charmingly stark, of heavy white cotton piqué. By Rudi Gernreich, of Galey & Lord fabric: about $110. At Bonwit Teller: Nan Duskin; Joseph Magnin. White mules with cutouts, by Golo. White with a little swing, opposite, from the slightly-dirndl skirt attached at a low waist. Far above that waist, a high flat sash. By Chuck Howard for Townley, in silk cloqué by Couleur; about $110. At Lord & Taylor; Rich's; Halle Bros.; I. Magnin. On both pages: hats by Anello for Emme. Backgrounds: Castellaras.

BRIGHT YOUNG WHITE IN THE SUN PLACES





LITTLE WHITE PLAYTHINGS IN THE SUN PLACES

The tennis skimp, above, left, in white stretch poplin —with tiny T-shirt sleeves, batiste shorts underneath. By Love One; Dacron, cotton, and Lycra (Klopman fabrics). About $30. Lord & Taylor; Neiman-Marcus. Pleated for action, below left, tennis, or swimming— a little white dress with a top cut out like an undershirt. This by Sandcastle, of Arnel jersey (Folker fabric). About $26. Lord & Taylor; Bullock's-Wilshire. X marks the ribcage, right: white bandeau top, flick of pleated skirt; crisscrossed bands over bareness. By Sacony, of Arnel jersey. About $26. Franklin Simon; Burdine's; Carson Pirie Scott; Sakowitz. The sun-place setting: Castellaras.

HENRY CLARKE





SPLASHES OF BLACK CUT OUT FOR THE SUN PLACES

Laced black maillot, opposite, slashed up the sides, V'd low in front, lower in back. By Robby Len, of stretch DuPont nylon (fabric by Fair-Tex). About $20. At Best & Co.; Gus Mayer; Sanger-Harris. Strips of black jersey, left, clinging to the body in the briefest, shiniest way. Bikini by Catalina, in matte jersey of DuPont nylon. $17. At Altman's; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Joseph Magnin. Black velours bikini, below: two little velvety gleams to glow up a suntan—tiny surplice top, tiny bikini pants. By Jantzen, of knitted cotton, Celanese acetate, and Vyrene. $17. Macy's; Woodward & Lothrop. Setting: Castellaras.



EVENING FALLS IN THE SUN PLACES

Halter-wrapped crêpe, opposite, palest bisque colour, poured on the bias in front. Evening dress by Ceil Chapman for Miss Winston, of Celanese acetate and rayon (Chardon-Marché fabric). About $110. At Bloomingdale's; Nan Duskin; Neusteters; I. Magnin. Filigree balls on golden chains: Monet earrings, at Bloomingdale's. Settings: Castellaras. Veil of white chiffon, below, gathered on a band of crystal beads, misting a shaped underdress. Malcolm Starr; Stern & Stern silk. About $215. Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Julius Garfinckel; Hudson's; Battelstein's; I. Magnin.

Bands of colour on an Empire column of white crêpe, below: yellow around the top, turquoise waist, yellow bows to one side. Mollie Parnis dress and stole; William Rose silk. Bergdorf Goodman; Hutzler's; Julius Garfinckel; Stanley Korshak. Deep, wide V of bodice drenched in crystal beads, right, and sky-blue chiffon drifting from a high, curved waist. Pat Sandler dress, stole; Stern & Stern silk. About $190. Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Woodward & Lothrop; Hudson's; Frost Bros. Fabiola earrings. These and the K.J.L. hoops below: Bergdorf Goodman. All sandals: Bernardo. Setting: Castellaras.

BARED EVENINGS IN THE SUN PLACES



BARE SHOULDERS IN THE SUN PLACES

Chiffon in waves of colour, right: strapless evening dress and a stole wrapped like a sari —all citrus yellows and swirls of sea green. By Sarmi; Tzaims Luksus silk print. At Bonwit Teller; Dayton's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Jewelled sandals by Bernardo. Fluff of ostrich feathers, above left, and a band of brilliants glittering around the top of a tiny white chiffon chemise. By Andrew Woods, of Stern & Stern silk. At Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin. Pearly earrings by Kenneth Lane. Barest little Empire bodice, left, crusted with green and golden crystal beads; almond-green crêpe to the ankles. Evening dress by Ceil Chapman for Miss Winston, of Onondaga silk. About $185. At Bonwit Teller; Hudson's. Fabiola earrings. Settings: Castellaras with, left, a mural by the French painter, Singier.

HENRY CLARKE







HENRY CLARKE

SILVER IN THE SUN PLACES

The silver maillot, left: simple little body-shape for swimming—clingy, silvery nylon held up with tiny silver string straps... marvellous against glistening golden skin, or at home under a djellaba of silvered fishnet. By Sylvia de Gay for Robert Sloan, of metal-coated Du Pont nylon (Cohama fabric). About $35. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Halle Bros.; Sakowitz. The silver trench coat, right: shining in the rain, shining at night over a little knee-dusting white chemise, shining at the beach over the maillot opposite—sterling example of the Anything-Goes coat '66. By Bill Blass for Bond Street, of metal-coated Du Pont nylon with Zepel repeller (Cohama fabric). About $200. Saks Fifth Avenue; Gidding-Jenny; L. S. Ayres; Neiman-Marcus. Setting: Castellaras.

THE BOND GIRLS— COMING UP FOR AIR

Bang bang, kiss kiss—another James Bond movie is on the way. It's *Thunderball,* and a great slice of the action goes on under water, where SPECTRE, the devilish crime syndicate, has cached the stolen hydrogen bombs . . . and where indestructible 007 must go to get them. Naturally: under water is where the girls are. Bond, of course, is played by Sean Connery, and the girls by some of the dishiest young actresses in Europe—two of them here, photographed on location in Nassau. Claudine Auger, *left,* plays Domino, an Italian playgirl in league with SPECTRE. She's really French, and has acted in classic French drama, French movies and TV. Martine Beswick, *below,* plays Paula, a young Bahamian agent who helps Bond. Born in Jamaica, West Indies, she was a top fashion model in England, and appeared as one of the battling gypsies in *From Russia With Love.* . . . They wear two versions of the same bathing suit, a mermaid slither of nylon-and-metallic yarn—Miss Auger's silver, Miss Beswick's gold. It has a cowl neck, tied waist, cutaway sides and back filled in with nude fishnet. By Cole of California, of Du Pont nylon and Mylar (Berman fabric); $30. Altman's; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Hutzler's; Jordan Marsh, Florida; I. Magnin.



BERT STERN



BEAUTY REGISTER

DETECTIVE WORK ON THE BEAUTY BEHAVIOR OF FIVE MOVING WOMEN

Fourth in a series: a report on what makes the looks of notable beauties tick—and click. Picked at random from Vogue's private files of beauty behaviour, the five here have this in common. Movers all—the world is their arena. No accident their physical fitness—the result of a penchant for activity, a carefully-manicured interest in food....Good skin goes to skin specialists and makeup advisers to keep it good, make it look better. Great hair gets joined by a wardrobe of hairpieces to amplify its volume, its colour, its possibilities....Well enough is something a permanent beauty apparently does not leave alone.



PIGNATELLI, PRINCESS LUCIANA MALGERI

Born in Brazil. Wife of Prince Nicola Pignatelli. Mother of Fabrizia, 10, and Diego, 7. Has flat in Rome, villa in Santa Marinella.

Possessor of that kind of beauty loosely described as raving, tearing, knockout, Princess Pignatelli, a tall Roman with a great fling of sun-streaked honey-blond hair and honeyed skin to match and eyes of Mediterranean blue, does not take her native charms for granted. Like many Roman women, she makes beauty an adventure, handles it with a fortuitous blend of showmanship and wit. . . . Last seen in New York with a big swath of hair pulled back from her forehead, the rest neatly shaped in to the back of the neck, slanted from behind the ears toward the chin, she "goes very much" in Rome to Elizabeth Arden and recently to Alba Armillei, where "two sisters do seven heads in five minutes." . . . Three hairpieces are from Spain; another by Elizabeth Arden's Imo, a lot of dark hair installed in it to make it look more natural. One, on a little comb, used very often; and a big pigtail, rather dark hair with streaks of white—"I believe there *is* pony hair in this pony tail." . . . On makeup, Evelyn Marshall gave her a lesson. For her slightly olive skin, a cream base that is olivey rose in tone. A pink powder with brown underlinings. Above and beneath her eyes, a white Danish cream for radiance. Rouge high on cheekbones, blusher below that and on forehead. . . . White goes under brow, a film of brown on the upper lid, a dash of turquoise or green, perhaps, too. . . . Princess Pignatelli on exercise: Ten minutes every day, "like brushing your teeth." Old towels stuffed with bullets prove better for her than regular weights because they're pliable, can be tied around ankles, hips, wherever weights are needed. . . . In summer she combines tanning and weight loss by exercising on her roof terrace clad in a clear plastic sack, then sun-bathing in sack for forty-five minutes. . . . In Rome, everything comes to a halt after lunch. Except Princess Pignatelli. Following a small serving of pasta, cheese, and salad, she walks in snow, rain, or searing sun for fifty minutes. "It makes such a difference in my skin. . . ."

ASTOR, CHIQUITA CARCANO

Born in Argentina. Wife of Major, The Hon. John Jacob Astor (son of the late Nancy, Viscountess Astor), since 1944. Mother of Stella, 16, and Michael, 19. Based in England, a frequent visitor to New York and South America.

Famous for her creative approach to her looks, The Hon. Mrs. John Jacob Astor is noted for changing her hair, her face, her eyes every day; for freshening but never repeating a cosmetic ploy: "Just as you'd never arrange flowers the same way—or an artist would never paint the identical picture twice, Mrs. Astor would never duplicate her yesterday-look," said a beauty commentator. "She is the antithesis of static." . . . A slender, narrow-boned, soft-voiced beauty, she has an "I-am-a-very-private-person" style that teams up for the good with a great interest in other people. . . . Quiet, firm convictions on beauty. On hair: After a certain age, one should never wear it shorter than an inch below the ear

ROMAN BEAUTY:
PRINCESS LUCIANA PIGNATELLI

Hair combed by Elizabeth Arden's Michelangelo. Diamond by Harry Winston.

BERT STERN

BEAUTY REGISTER

MORE DETECTIVE WORK ON THE BEAUTY BEHAVIOR OF FIVE MOVING WOMEN

lobe. Wears her own blond-streaked brown hair simply back and turned under. Has it done in New York by "a young genius," Mr. Lupe at Julius Caruso. . . . To reinforce her coif, she thrives on Carmen Curler, a wondrous device that rolls up hair dry and sets it in less than ten minutes. . . . Mrs. Astor on skin and makeup: "In England, in the blue northern light, you must wear less makeup, a lighter lipstick, never *look* made-up. In New York, since the night life is more dramatic, one wears more makeup. In South America, play down makeup." . . . Mrs. Astor on basic beauty: "It shows in the way a woman walks. Beauty is health and an attitude toward life. Neither one of which I have," she added. And we were not convinced. . . .

VAN ZUYLEN, BARONESS GABY IGLESIAS-VELAYOS

American mother, Spanish father, Dutch husband, Baron Thierry van Zuylen. With their three little girls, two through eight, the van Zuylens commute between Paris and the Netherlands. Summer means their boat and the Mediterranean, Christmas involves a château in the Netherlands, and we caught Baroness van Zuylen in New York for an interview one November day on her way to Brazil.

Tall, long-legged, long-waisted, with the kind of roundness, the rosy freshness that implies a radiant spirit. Which she has. Under a shoulder-length fall of brunet hair, her eyes shine sky-blue between a fringe of black lashes. One of a group of young women recently taken with the formulae of a makeup specialist at the Paris hairdresser Carita ("I think it all has to do with living cells," Baroness van Zuylen said), she puts her stock in a group of fingertip-size vials, each of which lasts about three days. Each morning a little of the fluid gets mixed in the palm of her hand with her liquid foundation, giving it a chiffon sheerness. So remarkable seems this concoction that in the sun places she wears nothing but the fluid for a week; thereafter wears nothing on her face—and tans evenly, without burning. . . . Twice a day, before makeup, she aims a spray of distilled water at her face, a mist that can be applied in different degrees of intensity. . . . As for her hair: "For a ball, perhaps, I wear it up. But I really like it long, loose. For day I dress completely at Ungaro and Courrèges, and I think you've got to have pretty long hair to look fun." It's the combination that makes her completely contemporary.

DE HEEREN, CRISTINA

Her beauty lineage: Spain, Brazil, U.S.A. Born in New York, raised in France and England. Foxcroft graduate, Columbia scholar concentrating on literature with her future at the moment a "toss-up between politics and pop singing." Guitarist; flamencoer; rider—of Cayetano, a blond Spanish horse who throws her regularly; photographer—of bullfights, with a telescopic lens. Potential student of rock-and-roll at a Times Square place that threatens "Public appearances while you learn."

A small, straight, sculptured, swift-moving girl, some of whose ash-blond hair hangs over one of her fascinating, singularly Spanish brown eyes. Throaty-voiced, with a beautiful no-accent accent (she speaks French, English, Spanish, Portuguese). Daniel at Kenneth's, her hair-repairer, is "a dream of a man who does what *you* want." What she wants, and Daniel does, is strong, straight hair, side-parted, turned under midneck, swooped over one eye. Her blond streaking is the product of Kenneth's Albine. . . . Miss de Heeren's expertise with makeup she attributes to earlier days "when I thought I was going on the stage." Starts by applying a pale foundation with a sponge. Next, a custom-blended loose powder. Then a honeyed-amber blusher (for evening, a shiney blusher, a stroke of luminescent gold on the cheekbone). A French-made brown rouge on either side of the bridge of her nose, a strong nose described by her fans as highly aristocratic. . . . Her eyes are festivals, like quotation marks tipped over, with a flourish at each end. Beige eye shadow; a streak of bisque shadow under the brow; brown eyeliner exaggerating the line of the eye; grey mascara, brushed on from a cake. The greatness of all this eye-work: You have to really study the situation to detect these machinations.

CUSHING, MINNIE

Very young New York-based daughter of the Howard G. Cushings of Newport. Assistant to Oscar de la Renta, fashion designer. Surfer, horsewoman, skier, motorcycler, painter.

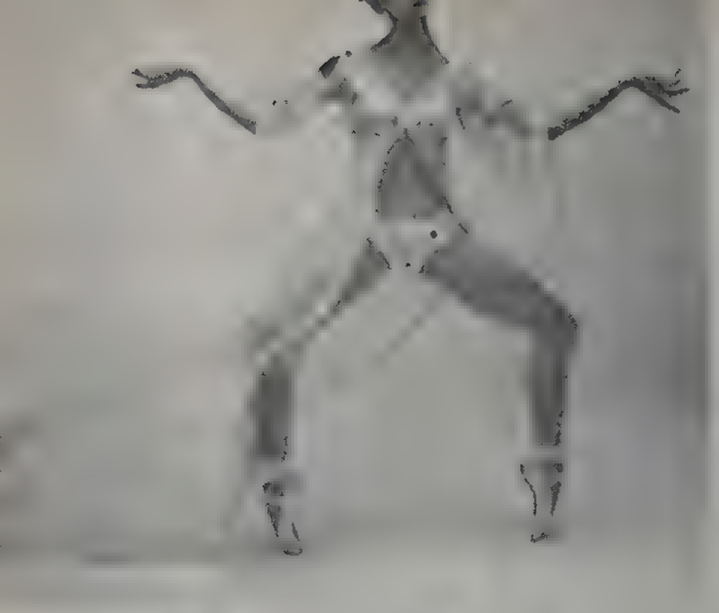
"Rather a combination of American Indian, Far Eastern, and New England gloriousness," said an observer of the looks, not the ancestry, of Miss Cushing, *opposite*. Actually "Mouse" Cushing is pure New England, and it is on Newport weekends at the Cushing house "The Ledges" that she puts her superb, leggy, lanky body hard and fast through a dozen seaside sports. . . . Thick brown hair swings straight over the cap of her shoulder. Sometimes a hunk of it is pulled taut from her forehead, caught with a rubber band or a shoestring. Often the hair gets augmented with hairpieces—braids, "stuffing." Newest evening way: combed high over a filler piece that goes under her long back fall. . . . Skin upkeep relies on five preparations, each the special formula of her skin consultant, soap through foundation. No set routine for makeup, however. "Each morning one's face presents a different problem." Usual approach: Over a thin makeup base, shading rouge on cheeks, white on the cheekbone itself. On her mouth, a frosty gloss. Grey or brown brush-on powder dusted above whole eye. Sometimes black eyeliner pencil to draw line in the crease of the lid; sets this with water. For evening, adds white on lid and undereye—"It's my night white light." Luxuriant eyebrows go unplucked. "Everyone says I *should* pluck them, but I just can't." . . . Her exercise comes via sports and walks, but she has one trick, "very good last-minute business," before going out to dinner. Lie on back on floor. Legs together, raise them up. Swing as far over head as they'll go. "Hold as long as you can . . . or until the phone rings."

NEW ENGLAND BEAUTY: MISS MINNIE CUSHING

Hair by Hugh of Lintermans. Everfast white cotton jump suit by Sarff Zumpano; Bonwit Teller.







MIMI PAUL

A YOUNG DANCER OF
"EXTRAORDINARY
STYLE AND ELEGANCE"

...this, in the words of Cecil Beaton who photographed her for Vogue, is Mimi Paul, one of the most promising young dancers with the New York City Ballet. "She brings to her rôles," he said, "an exquisite flavour and dignity." Twenty-two years old, with huge blue eyes and small pointed chin, she has the natural equipment of a great ballerina: a very long line —long neck, long arms...the immediate impact of a star.
Above: Mimi Paul in her own costume for the ballet *Bugaku*—diaphanous coat, a Japanese lacquered wig.
Near right: A dress she adored—pink chiffon in tiny tucks, floating from a lifted waist. By Malcolm Starr, of Stern & Stern silk. About $200. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Gus Mayer. Joseph Warner earrings. Charles Elkaim hair ornament.
Opposite: Beaton portrait—Mimi Paul, her slender throat like a stem for a hat of flowers. By Halston, to order: Bergdorf Goodman. Short flared dress of coral-pink chiffon with butterfly-wing sleeves. By Junior Sophisticates; Stern & Stern silk. About $90. Available February 1 at Saks Fifth Avenue; Rich's.

CECIL BEATON







STUDY IN BLOND: MRS. RICHARD DE LA MARE AND HER CHILDREN

Mrs. Richard de la Mare has the luckiest of looks in England now: the haunting combination of fragility, as in a Victorian silk painting, and tuned, on-beat vitality, as in Today. Slight, younger-looking than her twenty-four years, Suki de la Mare was photographed here not so much *with* as *among* her four children—a portrait in cornsilk hair and cornflower eyes. The children: Laura, five, with the second-longest brush of black eyelashes in the family (photographed with her mother, *above*); Caspar, who is three; Selina-Rose, two; and year-old Adam. Equally blond and blue as his wife and children, Mr. de la Mare is the grandson of the poet, Walter de la Mare, and, at twenty-nine, the writer and producer of distinguished documentary films (one film, *Inheritance*, for which he wrote the script, won a British Film Academy Award). In their large, happy-going, toy-sprawled house in Notting Hill, Mrs. de la Mare studies Italian and piano, and works toward opening, in Oxford this spring, a new boutique to be called Zuleika, after Max Beerbohm's heroine Zuleika Dobson who unsettled an earlier Oxford. This boutique will carry clothes designed by, among others, Mrs. Richard de la Mare.

CECIL BEATON



BEAUTY *bulletin*

THE WHITENED LOOK



Remember pants—
and the pother over pants in
town, at night? ("*What,* in *town;* at
night?") Remember all the steam over the
first Norell culotte? Remember the celebrity of
the most correct suit that ever was—a certain pink tweed
suit owned by every female Beautiful People you ever knew?
And the carryings on over a subsequent least suit, the bikini? Remember the arrival of the barefoot little southern belle, the Lilly? The first Mod dress—skirt-length ten or twelve inches from the floor? (Its appearance, by the way, seemed at best iconoclast-eccentric compared with the fresh logic of Courrèges' structural smalldress—skirt-length well above the knee.) Remember the beginning of the fascinatingly done-up leg (two years ago last Christmas, point d'esprit black stockings established the ornamental leg as pop), and the first of the boots for every girl (really autumn, 1962)? Remember when the Body Stocking stopped all presses, including these, whereon it was first introduced and named, October 15, 1964? Remember all these lovely tribal customs, most of which are with us still, and in so many variations you may have forgotten their sources? Innovations all, they're called fashion landmarks.

But fashion marks its land in ways other than with fanfare. Some of the best ideas arrive more as groundswells. Not in a blinding flash, but slowly, with absolute cool, came—for instance—the great Whitened Look. Possibly more than any other single discovery that has to do with looks, white has released new beauty energy. It's the beauty electrifier of the electric age. And what first turned on the light for the whitened look in fashion was: the gradual drift to whitened makeup. White as an accent colour for faces. White as an additive to soften makeup colour. White—in pearl form, or in pure form to tone down tints—to give the face a cleansed look, to remove years, to make even the hastiest makeup seem carefully applied. *White.*

Look at it now. What isn't white in fashion is being whitened. Even black patent leather is turning up gunmetal grey; and standard greys are being whitened to silver. Whitened cobra makes jackets, makes shoes. Wools with a whitened cast make new colours out of greens and pinks. Whitened stockings—mesh, cable, or sheer, transparent white—make every inch of leg-length count in a look. A whitened jersey dress goes out under a silver plastic raincoat, rain or shine. Off-white gloves are basic. So, suddenly, is ownership of a matte-white pigskin bag; so the gleam of a small white patent leather shoulder bag. Fawn counts as white—as whitened brown, actually—because it has no pink, no beige; has a bright-white exterior bloom. Wisteria is whitened violet. Eucalyptus is silvered, whitened green. Peach is a cross between whitened (Continued next page)

**THE WHITENED EYE—
SHADOWED WITH WHITE,
LINED WITH WHITE**

This is what eyes
are enjoying now: a big
and glorious moment,
courtesy of white. White
liner to enlarge the
scope of the eyeball.
White shadow to cleanse
everything in sight.
Shadow and new white
liquid eyeliner by Revlon.
At Lord & Taylor.

**THE LOOK THAT TRANSMITS LIGHT—
WHITENED SILVER, SILVERED WHITE**

Electricity at home: soft little knitted dress—
grey-white wool frosted with silver. White,
frost, and glitter everywhere—except
for the amethyst ear bubbles. Dress by Trigère.
Retroussé mules by Julianelli, of Fleming-Joffe
kidskin; to order. Richelieu necklace.
Raffia earrings, Jack Gilbert. All at Lord & Taylor.
Dress, also at Neiman-Marcus. Hair coiffed
by Michael Patrick of House of Revlon. (Named for
Revlon's Blush On shades: new batch of Berkshire
stockings, including Frosty White—also L. & T.)

PENN





BEAUTY *bulletin*



(Continued from preceding page) pink and whitened brick. Snow blue is whitened indigo. Peanut is whitened gold. And pearls are pure bliss (*with* colour, what we like is white). Aware of the beauty power of white—conscious or not of its general fashion momentum—women who have "never looked better in their lives" have been in the quiet process of assembling whitened wardrobes; wardrobes that transmit light even before the closet light-switch has been flicked on. And learning the latest ways of white in makeup as they go along.

Remembering that "our first tube of white eye makeup was a flop seven years ago; we were too early," according to Charles Revson, Revlon's Ch. of Bd., we asked him for an account of the growing understanding of white in makeup fashion. "Tough chic has never had a place on the face—and white, imaginatively used, or pre-blended into colour, can soften colour and make it fit the face attractively." Since that first traumatic forerunner, the dense-white white for the eyes, things began to change abruptly. For the making of nail enamels to lipsticks, eyeliners to brush-on eye shadows, "basically our consumption of colour has decreased and our consumption of white has increased tremendously," said the gentleman who can speak for Revlon because he is Revlon.

Latest bit of white in Revlon makeup is a brand-new liquid white eyeliner (for which, if you're in a mad hurry to get it, you'll have to go to Lord & Taylor; they wangled an early shipment as a part of their current attention to the Whitened Look). Some of the imaginative things this slightly-pearled, quick-drying liner can do are as follows: Be used as a fine hairline under the entire eyebrow. . . . Feather out into eye-widening wings, as above. . . . Fake lashlines below the eyes to "hold" the eye strongly in place. . . . Alternate with one's usual eyeliner to cleanse and open the eye. . . . Be used alongside one's usual liner, and end at the outer edges in a double twist—again, an ornamental eye-widening device. . . . Be used to describe a white crisscross at the inner corner of each eye, or white V's at inner and outer corners. . . .

We've taken to liking white eye shadow on well-shaped eyelids; the big, clean, glorious eye is cleansed with white. On a very pretty girl, we like all the white eyeliner action, plus white eye shadow—and around the hairline a great deal of pinkest blush-on, purposely a little artificial and delicious. More delicious if the eyebrows aren't too pushy. (You can pale them with white brush-on eye shadow. *White.*)

THE NEW EYE AWAKENING—ON WINGS OF WHITE

The same white liquid eyeliner (see page 110) can do this: draw feathery little side strokes that widen, deepen, and "fix" the eye firmly—given a second shade of eyeliner (darker) to set the pattern.

WHITENED-GREEN SUIT AND WHAT LOOKS GREAT WITH IT: TONES AND TEXTURES OF WHITE

Eucalyptus green, mainly, the suit at left. Enough colour to allow more white in the act. White stretch nylon stockings. Buckled pumps, whitened beige. White pigskin gloves. And—need we say—pearls (which is where white learned all about light). Suit by Dan Millstein, in a pair of Anglo fabrics. About $125. Julianelli shoe in leather by Fleming-Joffe. Gloves by Crescendoe-Superb. Fake pearls, Jack Gilbert. Everything at Lord & Taylor, where white is king. The name of the stocking pattern, by the way: Ocean Wave by Berkshire.

PENN





THE REED TEAM

YOUNG, AMERICAN, INTERNATIONALLY "IN THE WIND," THE SAMUEL PRYOR REEDS LIVE WITH THE PAST, AND FOR TODAY

The Samuel Pryor Reeds, who live in the rapids of a fast-running life—1966 to the last drop—manage to look as if they had time to sit for eighteenth-century portraits. Their New York apartment changes continually; the effect remains serene. The pale citric-green walls of their drawing room, *left,* are about to become lacquer brown, the brocade sofa possibly a knock-eye Paisley. Mrs. Reed's sense of proportion, her abiding pleasure in the abiding grace of eighteenth-century furniture, her precision, keep things from flying away. Mr. Reed, who, at thirty-one, is Assistant Treasurer of Engelhard Industries, helps: Tall, with the looks of a young, dark "Coop," he is sure of his interests and of how he likes to live. (Mrs. Reed is *not* allowed to talk on the telephone after he comes home in the evening.) Small, dark, narrow, with the kind of profile that once might have fetched its possessor to the guillotine, twenty-five-year-old Annette Reed goes at life straight on. Her interests are open, her opinions unshadowed, her tastes lit by laughs—often at herself. She dresses with a sure knowledge of herself; looks right in narrow, narrow-shouldered clothes; likes black, beige, "mean" yellow, Pucci jerseys, and coral pinks. She relishes her parents' occasional presents of "something really good" —a Mainbocher suit. She doesn't squander fashion, she invests it.

"You should meet the Reeds together," said a friend. "They have a good time. They are a *team.*" The rest of the team: Beatrice, who is pushing five; a new baby, whose age is a matter of weeks, and Toby, a Lhasa Apso dog. For a family so young (the average age of all four is about fifteen) the Reeds, another friend (Continued on following page)

Left: *Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Pryor Reed, their daughter Beatrice, in the drawing room of their New York flat—high-ceilinged, warmed by an Aubusson rug, and treasures gathered in their travels. The painted leather screen at the left is eighteenth-century Dutch, found in London. The portrait of a young woman was painted in Russia by an Italian, Rotari, and acquired in Austria. Mrs. Reed's black-and-silver caftan defines her evening-in clothes: long, lean, special, but never trousers.*

HORST

THE REED TEAM

said, are "really something special." Certainly their apartment has an authority unrelated to their years. In the drawing room, English and French chairs and tables gleam in light filtered through citric-green taffeta curtains. A drawing leans propped on an open Louis XVI secretary. On a Sheraton table a book of drawings lies open to a different place each day. The Reeds' collection of drawings, begun with a wedding present, a Boucher of Mlle. Murphy lolling on her generous stomach, is notable. So, for that matter, is Mrs. Reed's talent in drawing. Guided by the muralist Richard Neas, Mrs. Reed finished two trompe-l'oeil bookcases and overdoors in the library. She then arranged two real bookcases in similar patterns of books and objects. Delivered slowly, the punch connects fully when it becomes clear that photographs in the trompe-l'oeil frames are real snapshot .

Levels on levels, here. Mrs. Reed is exceptionally well- (Continued on page 121)



Left, above: *Mrs. Reed and Beatrice.* Right, top to bottom: *Entrance hall with Mrs. Reed's trompe-l'oeil pouch stuffed with memorabilia, some real, some painted; on a Roman terra-cotta lion Toby's leash rests. Mr. Reed in the drawing room. In the library, a portfolio of drawings in front of one of the trompe-l'oeil panels of books, objects—mostly painted by Mrs. Reed. In the library, Mr. Reed's Louis XVI backgammon table; a leopard rug—a safari trophy; the ceiling, lacquered cordovan brown.* Left: *Beatrice in her bedroom—all pink and flowers.* Opposite: *Mrs. Reed in the drawing room, in a Cardin dress crusty with crystal, amber, and topaz beads—a glow of candlelight colours.*

HORST



Opening on to a beautiful garden, Lucio Fontana's studio in Milan is an agreeable exuberance of papers and books, easels, and bronzes from Fontana's collection of works by other artists. The floor is concrete; the furniture spare. On one wall hangs a Roy Lichtenstein: a paper bag decorated with a roast chicken. On another, some of the slashed canvases Fontana is famous for—white, red, blue, and yellow, carefully protected by plastic covers. "What I do can not be called painting," said this pioneer among Italian abstractionists. "Paintings. Sculptures. These words don't exist for me. Mine are studies, inventions." His eyes sparked as he talked. White-haired and in his sixties, he has the looks and gusto of a man many years younger.

"I am not an Italian by birth," he said, "but an Argentinian. At thirty I sold my business in Buenos Aires and came to Milan to study art, and here I have lived and worked for years. My cooking specialty is the food of the gauchos—the cowboys of the Argentine pampas—in particular, the *asado con cuero*. This means, literally, 'roast with hide.' I have done this fantastic dish several times in Italy. It sounds easy to prepare, but is in fact tiresome and needs a lot of attention, for it can only be done in the open air. The fire must be lighted four or five hours in advance, in order to burn down to coals of the proper intensity. What one then grills is nothing less than an entire bull, split in two but not skinned. The animal hangs from the spit; the heat penetrates very slowly, and, protected by the hide, the fat melts inside the meat. The whole cooking process takes about six hours. When it's ready, each person cuts long slices for himself with a well-sharpened knife. A little cannibalistic, wouldn't you say? But don't forget: Argentine cuisine is fairly primitive. The antithesis of Chinese food.

"Beef is Argentina's treasure. And beef is what we do best. I like these dishes in particular: the *puchero*, a pot-au-feu in which the beef is cooked with small pieces of corn and pumpkin; the *empanadas*, a form of meat pâté, stuffed with onions, eggs, and olives; the *charquican*, a slightly sweet ragoût, made of thinly sliced beef dried first in the oven. In Milan we have a winter specialty, the *casöla*, that reminds me a little of the dishes of Argentina. It is delicious, but made of pork rather than beef. I often eat it at Alfio, a restaurant which exhibits works by contemporary artists.

"What do I dislike? I like everything. I have a stupendous stomach," said this thin and elegant man. "I can eat an enormous meal, rest for ten minutes, and then start all over again. I have instant digestion. Sometimes friends who accompany me are seduced by my appetite. Afterwards, *they* must take bicarbonate of soda.

"When travelling, I eat as the people of that country eat. I can hold my own with the native food of Egypt, where the meat is mutton, and even the cakes have the smell of grease. Visiting in the Netherlands I learned to eat raw fish. My host cut the fish into thin fillets, marinated them for four to five hours in lemon juice seasoned with red pepper, salt, and orégano. Then he added small pieces of tomatoes, green peppers, onions, and olives. Extraordinary. What frightened me the most, the first time I tried them, were oysters. Now, when I go to Paris, I eat at least sixty oysters a day, sometimes forty at one meal.

"If I had to choose one kind of food, though, I would revert to the habits of my childhood in Rosario, Santa Fé. I would eat the *asado* and drink the *mate*. This is an infusion brewed from the leaves of the ilex tree. You put the leaves in a hollow gourd shaped like a bottle. Add sugar, boiling water. Then drink this brew, which is both tonic and a substitute for vegetables, with the *bombilla*—a silver straw with a strainer at the end. At home, in the morning, at noon, at night, we would sit in a circle and ceremoniously sip the fragrant *mate*, each one of us in turn, (Continued on page 120)



UGO MULAS

LUCIO FONTANA

A SECOND FAME: GOOD FOOD

BY NINETTE LYON



the first fame of Lucio Fontana is as a painter and sculptor, one of Italy's most important. An artist who has influenced some of the most experimental younger arts in Europe—Germany's Group Zero and France's New Realists—Fontana in Milan founded what he calls Spatialism: "No more painting or sculpture but forms, colours, and sounds in space." Of his experiments, the most familiar are probably his canvases painted in one clear solid tone and then, with the greatest deliberation, cleanly slashed, one or more times. In his studio in an eighteenth-century building (above) *Fontana looks, at work, "like a* pistolero," *a friend said, "or the Musketeer Aramis." Now almost sixty-seven, this amusing, generous man who has had about forty one-man exhibitions all over the world, including Argentina where he was born, has his first United States museum show this month at the Walker Art Center in Minneapolis. Joyful, full of theories, surprises, and disturbances of gravity, Fontana has designed ceilings for Milan movie theatres, made a collection of perforated dresses, two of them owned by Brigitte Bardot. His paintings, however, hang, among other places, at the Tate Gallery in London, and at the Museum of Modern Art in New York.*

out of the same gourd.

"For me the essential thing is perfume. Sometimes I don't feel like eating. Then a delicious odour drifts into my nostrils and at once I become desperately hungry. It is a similar experience to passing by, in the street, a beautiful and well-perfumed woman. And," he concluded, "I don't believe too much in recipes or formulas. If there were only formulas to follow, there would be, in this world, neither great painters nor great cooks."

Here, four recipes from Lucio Fontana:

La Casöla d'Alfio
for six

4 tablespoons buttter
1 onion, chopped
7 ounces salt pork, diced
2 pounds pork chops
1 small pig's foot, cleaned and blanched
1 piece of pork rind (in all about 10 ounces)
1 piece of pork cheek
1 carrot, julienned
2 stalks celery, julienned
1 bay leaf
¾ cup water
1 smallish green cabbage
10 ounces pork sausage
Salt and pepper

Heat the butter in a casserole with a lid. Brown the salt pork and chopped onion. Add pork chops, pig's foot, pork rind, pork cheek. When all is nicely browned, add celery, carrot, bay leaf, and water. Season with salt and pepper. Cover and simmer for 1 hour. Plunge the whole cabbage into salted boiling water for 10 minutes. Drain well and add to the casserole. Continue to cook, covered, on very low fire, for 45 minutes to 1 hour. Add water if the dish gets too dry. Add pork sausages, browned in a separate pan. Serve with a side dish of polenta.

Rice with Fruit
for eight

2 cups rice
4½ cups water
1 orange
1 lemon
4 tablespoons butter
1 apple, sliced
2 bananas, sliced
Salt

Lucio Fontana puts the rice in a strainer with the orange and lemon left whole. The strainer is put over boiling water, the whole well covered and a cloth placed over the lid so steam can not escape. The rice is steamed for ¾ of an hour.

Or it may be cooked the Oriental way in the following manner: Wash the rice until water is clear. Place it in a heavy saucepan with a cover, with the lemon and orange, washed but not peeled, and salt. Cover with cold water, bring to a boil, cover the saucepan and put a weight on the lid. Lower the fire and simmer gently for 20 minutes without opening the pan. Take off the fire and let rest 15 minutes before lifting the lid. Some rice needs more water and longer cooking. When the rice is done, heat the butter and fry the rice until golden. Then place it in a well-buttered, ovenproof dish with the sliced apple and bananas. Bake in moderate oven 15 minutes. This dish may be served with fish or fowl. This can also be made into a delicious dessert by sweetening the rice and adding the orange, sliced, and a liqueur—kirsch or Cointreau—to taste.

Puchero
for four

3 pounds beef (brisket, short plate, flank, or shank)
4 pints water
4 onions
4 carrots
1 green cabbage
8 leeks, tied in a bunch
4 turnips
½ cup chick-peas
1 cup green beans, sliced
1 cup pumpkin, chopped
2 ears corn, halved
¼ cup rice
Salt and pepper

Place the meat in boiling water, skim, and cook for 1½ hours. Add whole onions, carrots, cabbage, leeks, turnips, chick-peas, salt and pepper, and continue cooking for 1 to 1½ hours. Add beans, pumpkin, corn, and rice to the *puchero*, and continue cooking for an additional half hour. To serve: Place the meat in the middle of a serving dish, put the vegetables around it, and some potatoes boiled separately. Top with poached sausages, and serve with a tomato sauce highly seasoned with pepper.

Charquican
for four

2 pounds lean beef (chuck, shoulder, or round)
2 tablespoons oil
½ cup chopped parsley
1 teaspoon chopped fresh basil
Salt
Cayenne pepper or chili powder to taste
1 tablespoon sugar cooked with 1 teaspoon water until brown
1 cup each of chopped pumpkin, green peas, green beans, corn
2 green peppers
3 or 4 tomatoes
½ cup chopped onions

Slice the meat paper-thin (this is easily done if the meat is frozen first). Put it in a slow oven until completely dry. Cut the dry meat and green peppers in strips. Heat the oil in a Dutch oven and cook onions until transparent, add the green peppers and, 5 minutes after, the tomatoes, peeled and coarsely chopped. After 15 minutes, put meat in and herbs, sugar, and spices. Cover, and let simmer until the meat is tender: about 1 hour. Cook the rest of the vegetables in water, drain, and add to the stew. Continue to cook, uncovered, until thick. Serve with pickles.

The Reeds

(Continued from page 116)

informed, knows what's just up, wherever. She and her husband, with Beatrice and Toby, travel—to South Africa on Engelhard business in precious metals, all over Europe, to India, to Canada for the salmon fishing. They collect (animal drawings, miniature staircases, books on the Edwardian era . . .). They absorb. They listen. To them television means news and *Hullabaloo.* Yet the Reeds, ignoring Edison, entertain by candlelight. Candlelight deepening the goldenrod-yellow flock paper in the dining room. Candlelight in the drawing room intensifying the corals and shrimp pinks Mrs. Reed loves. Candles lighting Mr. Reed's backgammon board.

The Reeds prefer to give small dinner parties, and have already a reputation for good food. Mrs. Reed, who often cooks, likes "strange, mixed-up soups," puréed vegetables, and "apricot soufflé, the easiest dessert." She likes to arrange flowers: silver tankards stuffed with geraniums and sweet William; cachepots of roses; "big, droopy flowers" in the entrance hall. She invents and carries out amusements for the eye: in Beatrice's room a trompe-l'oeil floor of wide, yellow, knotty floorboards. The Reeds are sparklers; where their sparks land they give light.

Niehans treatment

(Continued from page 77)

replies to his questions, especially when my husband spoke of his heart condition. He warned us that the cells he injects are very sensitive to a number of things, including medicines, and shook his head ruefully when he learned that our doctor had prescribed daily doses of digitalis for Harry's fast heart. I had made up my mind not to take the cellular therapy treatments unless my husband could also have them.

Harry immediately said, "That's no problem, I'll quit the digitalis."

Dr. Niehans raised a warning hand. "Since I am a surgeon, not a general practitioner, we shall abide by the decision of our local physician, Dr. Alexis Gabathaler."

Picking up the phone, he arranged for Dr. Gabathaler to call on us the following morning at our hotel. Meanwhile we were to go to the Clinic that afternoon to have samples of our urine taken for the Abderhalden test. "If the reaction is favourable and if Dr. Gabathaler approves, you shall soon be in the Clinic for cellular therapy." With that comforting word Dr. Niehans led us out.

On the drive back to the hotel I asked Harry what he thought of Dr. Niehans. "He impresses me as a man who knows what he's talking about," he said. "If you could get all the facts it should make a good story."

Here was a challenge to me as a reporter. We made up our minds to remain in Switzerland until I got that story.

The belief that the healthy organs of young animals could cure humans is not new. Scientists were successfully grafting testicles on castrated roosters as far back as the eighteenth century. Boris Voronoff, the Russian scientist, made headlines two hundred years later by grafting the testicles of monkeys on old men—object, rejuvenation.

"Yes, transplants have been done for a long time," agreed Dr. Niehans. "But slowly a change came, and I was responsible for that change."

Some organs have many cells, others fewer. When the animal organ had three, four, or five different kinds of cells, Dr. Niehans made a corresponding number of transplantations. "This method originated with me," he said. "Before trying it on human beings I experimented on rats, mice, and on myself."

His discovery of cellular

(Continued on page 122)

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

"Help," cried the girl

This young character we have in mind could scarcely adjust herself to a cleansing cream, let alone a masque. Lazy girl. . . . Now she has been confronted with a new concept, cleanser cum masque, and she is, believe us—we know her well—a thing of joy officially. . . . What she has met up with is Rousing Cleanser by Scandia and what Rousing Cleanser has alerted within her is remarkable. . . . Two consecutive applications, thirty seconds apart, clean her face up daily like nobody's business; and stimulate her circulation by hurtling the blood to the surface. Furthermore, she doesn't fuss a moment since Rousing Cleanser sends forth a breeze of flowering almond which lingers on her taut countenance.

On polishing hairs . . .

Out in Los Angeles there's this group of microscope-watchers splitting hairs. They spend a good deal of time with their microscopes confirming the efficacy of a hair treatment by comparing a strand of hair before and after application. . . . Designed to repair hair irked by colour operations, overwaving, or just plain living, Restor, say the Restor-ators is absorbed directly into the cell structure of the hair. Its mission is to shape up that structure, to make each strand uniform and therefore more amenable to bleaching, tinting, and permanenting. (The Restor-ators have magnified versions of their microscope findings, to prove how Restor does this.) . . . Among its other gripping attributes, Restor is a soothing conditioner that doesn't have to be washed out. Applied after shampoo, it remains as a setting lotion, keeps the hair glowing uniformly shampoo after shampoo until the next time you do something to displease it. . . .

Giving lines and shadows a brushoff

The newest good news in the get-young-quick department applies itself to the following situation. Out you go to dinner, or to wherever it would not be shifty for you to look nifty. An hour or two later your makeup job is wearing thin. In exactly the wrong places, naturally. Under the eyes, in the brow, in the line between nose and mouth, on the small blemish that was in hiding when it left the house, all those little giveaway spots. . . . To rectify this infamy, Jacqueline Cochran has put together a snappy container the size of an English penny to hold Flowing Velvet Opaque Touch-Up, a creamy substance with larceny in mind, namely the theft of facial linework and shadows not greeted with cheers. . . . You retreat to a semi-secluded spot, such as the back seat of your taxi; whip Touch-Up and its companion brush out of your bag; and blend a dab of it over your original makeup onto offending areas. A splendid addition to the huddle in a handbag, it dries in a matte finish and you're as good as new.

Cut out for the sun places

Little tennis whites



Giant tennis-ball cutouts, above, baring rounds of rib cage on a hip-belted, white twill tennis tunic pulled over tiny bikini shorts. By Juniorite. About $25. At Altman's; Woodward & Lothrop. Back cut out. below. on an unbelted white twill tennis suit lined in green polka dots. From Serendipity 3. $65. Both twills of Turner-Halsey Kodel-and-cotton; polka-dot lining of Everfast Kodel-and-cotton. The coiffures by Joshua of Vidal Sassoon.



Niehans treatment

(Continued from page 121)

therapy came about by chance. One day in 1931 the leading surgeon of Berne, Dr. de Quervain, telephoned him. "A young surgeon here, by accident, severely injured the parathyroid of a woman—Mme. Volman—while operating on her for goitre," said Dr. de Quervain. "You have had great experience in transplanting glands, and I request that you graft in her the parathyroid glands of an animal. I can think of nothing else that might save her life."

Niehans prepared the parathyroid glands of a calf for the transplant and had them ready when the dying woman was carried in on a stretcher.

One glance told him that it was too late to make the transplantation; she was having convulsions, and the transplantation could not take effect in time to save her.

"I had a sort of inspiration," Niehans said. "I cut the parathyroid glands into small pieces, added a saline solution, and injected this preparation into the buttocks of the patient. Finally the convulsions ceased. She lived."

Thus cellular therapy was dramatically born. The spectacular—and lasting—results of that experiment amazed Dr. Niehans. "Mme. Volman lived to be ninety-three," he said, "and up to the last she marketed, cooked, did her own housework, and enjoyed life."

"But how could Mme. Volman recover so quickly?" I asked. "You say it takes about three and a half months for cellular therapy to show results."

"Parathyroid tissues are the first to show results," he replied. "That is why this particular patient responded almost immediately."

That afternoon at the Clinic the head nurse gave us a glimpse of the spacious, double room which Lillian and Dorothy Gish had occupied during their stay and which would be ours should the Abderhalden tests and Dr. Gabathaler's verdict be favourable. We left, carrying our samples for urine analysis in small bottles, wrapped for mailing, which were to be sent to the Abderhalden Laboratories.

The next morning Dr. Gabathaler took specimens of our blood, put his stethescope to our hearts, thumped our chests, tested our blood pressure.

"You may have the injections," he told me, "but I am not so sure about your husband. If he will come to my office this afternoon, I shall make a cardiogram."

When we arrived he made the cardiogram, then said to Harry: "It will be impossible for you to enter the Clinic this week."

Harry was disgusted. In vain, Dr. Gabathaler tried to explain that the hazard lay not only in immediately discontinuing the digitalis but in living without it until the injections took effect.

Harry said, "I came here for the cellular therapy treatment and I intend to get it."

Apprehensively I said I was for abandoning the whole idea, but Harry would not hear of it, repeating that he would stay until he was in a condition to take cellular therapy. I couldn't sleep that night for worry.

Next morning Dr. Niehans phoned and asked us to come to his office. He had received the results of the Abderhalden tests.

He welcomed us saying, "I have good and bad news for you. Good news that all the various disorders shown in the Abderhalden reaction can be treated by cellular therapy. Bad news that Dr. Gabathaler and I have decided not to admit Mr. Cranmer into the Clinic immediately.

"If and when you do go you will each require eleven injections," he said. "Placenta for the circulation and to normalize the blood pressure; thyroid to reduce swelling in the legs and stabilize weight; suprarenal cells for strength; cells of ovaries for revitalization: heart cells to strengthen the muscles of the heart; cells for the hypothalamus, thymus, and pituitary glands to activate the brain centre; cells of the foetal spleen, liver and arteries to combat

arterial degeneration; and cells from the frontal brain to stimulate memory."

Harry asked if this number of injections was unusual. "It is high but not unusual," Dr. Niehans replied. "Some people require only four injections while others need as many as thirteen."

I wanted to know if cellular therapy was only for those in middle or later life. "By no means," he said. "If administered early enough, it can prevent many diseases and correct glandular deficiencies. All ages have been helped by it."

He first became conscious of the regenerative powers of cellular therapy in the 1950's when he suddenly realized that the people to whom he had given cellular transplantations in the 1920's were apparently growing younger. In this group were about a thousand men who had been treated for prostate gland troubles and an equal number of women suffering from the difficulties of the menopause. "These people were all in middle or later life when they came to me," he said. "Yet as time passed, their energies were renewed—the aging process had been arrested."

I studied Dr. Niehans as he talked. I liked this man. Hopefully I broached my desire to write the complete story of his life and work. The idea appealed to him. He agreed to come to our suite each afternoon for a tape-recorded interview concerning his life and, if my husband was doing well, we would later go with the Doctor and his wife to Berne, his birthplace.

I got my taped interviews. The Doctor talked freely of his early life and distinguished background and amazingly colourful career, parts of which are vividly romantic.

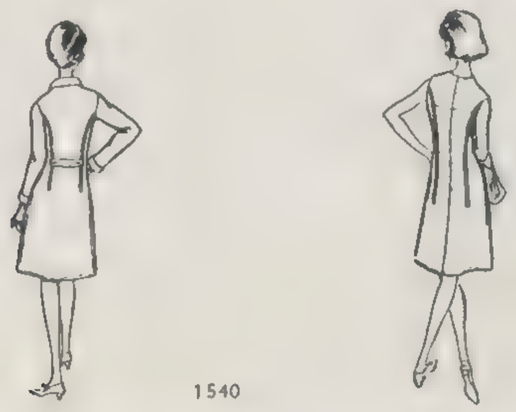
Despite my protests and the reluctance of Dr. Gabathaler to give his consent, Harry discontinued the digitalis. To my immense relief Dr. Gabathaler found that at the end of two weeks all was well for him, and said that he could enter the Clinic with me the following week. Harry continued to feel well and so we went into the Clinic for our long-anticipated cellular therapy injections.

At nine the next morning Dr. Niehans appeared in his white surgical coat, followed by the head nurse bearing a tray of glass hypodermic syringes—eleven for each of us—filled with a darkish fluid. We lay face down

(Continued on page 124)

Vogue Patterns

(Continued from pages 64-65; other views, yardages, details)



Vogue Paris Original Model 1540: coat, dress. Size 14: coat, 3 yds. fabric; dress, 1½ yds. fabric; both 54″ without nap. To finish off seams in double-faced fabric (coat is unlined): Allow for seams 1″ deep when cutting. Turn both raw edges in same direction, trim underneath edge to ½″. Turn top edge under, fell back by hand. Or, as our tailor did: trim raw edges to uniform width, then bind in matching silk. $3.50. Can.: $3.85.

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Niehans treatment

(Continued from page 123)

with our backsides bared. The nurse sponged our skins with alcohol and passed the syringes, one by one, to the Doctor. "Preek!" He punctuated the word with a jab of the needle. "And it is over." The entire process consumed less than ten minutes.

We were told to lie as still as possible the rest of the day in order not to disturb the newly injected cells. I had some reaction in the form of a slight swelling and soreness. This lasted three days. Harry felt no discomfort. The second morning we were given additional shots in case the first were not sufficient. On the fourth day we dressed.

The fifth day Dr. Niehans discharged us, saying, "Now you are free to go where you wish, but don't expect any results for three or four months."

He strongly cautioned us not to damage the precious cells by exposing our bodies to X rays, short-wave treatments, or ultraviolet rays. We were not to indulge in sun-baths, Turkish baths, sauna baths, bath-cures in radio-active thermal stations, or diathermy (these rules are to be followed permanently). Nor could we smoke, or drink anything of high alcoholic content such as straight whiskey, brandy, or vodka. Cocktails must be diluted, and we could—and still can—have champagne and other wines. We should take no drugs (if possible) or hormones.

One month after the injections I experienced a tremendous lift. Life was a joy. However, since Dr. Niehans had warned me that this euphoria would be only temporary I was not disappointed when it wore off. Nor were we disheartened when my husband was stricken with flu on a visit to Geneva and forced to return to the Clinique du Prairie for treatment.

Just three months after our injections came a wonderful feeling of good health for both of us. We had a keen sense of being alive, of awareness of the life around us. Nothing seemed difficult.

We were to sail from Le Havre to New York on the "France." Even when a dock strike delayed the departure of our ship we took the postponement philosophically and, instead of resting in the hotel, put in our time touring around Normandy.

Eventually the "France" sailed. For us it was a happy voyage until Harry had difficulty in breathing. The ship's doctor said he must resume the digitalis. He still takes it, though in diminished doses.

According to the French cellular therapist, Dr. Adolphe Mocquot of Cannes, and our own physician, Dr. Allan Lee Blackman of New York City, digitalis and the cells are compatible. It is now almost four years since my husband had the injections and, though he is in his eighties, he looks and acts like a man in his sixties. He says taking cellular therapy was his declaration of independence—it gave him renewed life, freedom from the shackles of old age, and a chance to pursue happiness.

His fresh vigour is apparent in his youthful point of view; in his ability to take in stride personal problems and his open mind about life in general. He dances with the grace and flexibility of a man half his age, and far from wanting to retire, he wants to do things in a big way or not at all. Formerly his business interests were confined to Utah and Wyoming. Now his mining and oil projects extend to other countries.

When we sought out Dr. Niehans we had lost our zest for living. Everything seemed monumental. Today life is fun, no matter what. We've taken on new responsibilities. One of them is the education of two little French boys. We find pleasure in visiting their school, talking with their teachers, and keeping track of their progress. As a result of our interest in them we are perfecting our French, and a teacher comes to us every week for conversations in French.

I believe that cellular therapy has enabled me to maintain the strenuous pace of my early years as a reporter. For example, I successfully combined the writing of a daily syndicated feature—the Dorothy Dix feature—with running a house and being a wife.

Last year, I gave up the column to complete work on two full-length books, which I am now doing. In addition, I serve as treasurer of the National Council on Arts and Government. I am president of the John Erskine Educational Foundation. Since my husband may take off at a moment's notice on some new venture, I am ever ready to leave with him, typewriter in hand. Two years ago it was the West Coast; last year, France, Texas, and Arkansas. This spring it will probably be Egypt and Rumania. We both belong to the 100,000 Mile Club but by now, have chalked up ten times that air mileage. Life is a lot of fun, but it wouldn't be if we lacked the enthusiasm and health to take it in our stride. Granted, some of this upsurge of enthusiasm which we both feel may be partly psychological but we can't discount the physical. The tone of our bodies is better; our skin firmer; our step quicker. I no longer find it an effort to bend over to pick up something. My husband looks forward to his two-mile daily walk in Central Park with Kit Carson, our Basset hound. Dr. Niehans has not only given us more years to live but more life to those years.

True, as in middle age, we often experience minor physical setbacks. But we are convinced that cellular therapy has given us the strength to overcome them. My husband's heart trouble will never be entirely cured. As a concession to it he still takes daily afternoon naps and reduced doses of digitalis.

Last year, while playing with our Basset, I fell and fractured a vertebra. Before having an X ray, I cabled Dr. Niehans. He replied that an X ray would not harm the cells provided the machine did not focus on my head. I had the X rays and they evidently did me no harm for, when we revisited Switzerland in 1964 and again took the Abderhalden tests there was no indication of any damage to the cells.

However, wonderful though cellular therapy is, it has its limitations. Cellular therapy is ineffective in combatting virus or infectious diseases, Parkinson's disease, certain forms of arthritis, multiple sclerosis, or diseases of the spinal bone.

To me, the chief drawback is the necessity to repeat the whole process every time one is inoculated against smallpox which the Federal Government requires every three years for those who travel abroad; proof of such inoculation is required on re-entry to the United States. Vaccines for yellow fever, cholera, et cetera, also necessitate the repetition of cellular therapy. But if you don't go out of the country that is no stumbling block.

When I mentioned this hazard to Dr. Niehans he shrugged his shoulders and said, "There is nothing to prevent you from taking the cellular therapy a second, third, or fourth time."

Lillian Gish has had the treatment twice, Hedda Hopper three times. They look upon the five days in the Clinic as a rest cure in itself.

And what of Dr. Niehans? He will be eighty-four on his next birthday. Who will succeed him? My guess is that it will be Dr. Adolphe Mocquot of Cannes. In addition to practising cellular therapy he teaches at the University of Montpellier.

We visited him in 1964. He is young, resourceful, and experienced in all branches of medicine, including surgery. He is a disciple of Dr. Niehans and it was at Niehans's suggestion that we went to see him.

"There is so much to be done, so much to be recorded," Dr. Niehans had told me. "Men like Dr. Mocquot will carry on the work. I am convinced there is a tremendously important future for cellular therapy."

Our own experience indicated to us—at any rate—that cellular therapy represents a thrilling advance in the conquest of old age.

Private Wire from Everywhere

Here, wires clipped together from such disparate places as Paris, Beverly Hills, Johannesburg, and Houston.

Paris

That amorphous group called Tout Paris has another new restaurant, this one Le Bistrot de Paris at 33 rue de Lille. Booked completely one week ahead for luncheon or dinner, it is no place to drop in suddenly. Michel Oliver, the son of the owner of Le Grand Véfour, a superb restaurant near the Palais Royal, has done his place very 1900 with gaslight, lace curtains, and palm trees. His new cookbook, *La Cuisine Est un Jeu d'Enfant,* has just been published in America in *French,* which should make it child's play, at least for bilingual children.

Everyone in Paris wanted an invitation to the dinner for François Mauriac to celebrate his eightieth birthday. Only one hundred and eighty, however, received notes from Mauriac's publishers, Editions Grasset, to the party at the Ritz. Among the guests were eighteen academicians, three ambassadors, two ministers of state, plus Prémier Georges Pompidou and his wife. At the party Mauriac, the most famous French author together with Jean-Paul Sartre and André Malraux, looked both fragile and extraordinarily young. To his friends, old decorated gentlemen, women in beautiful dresses, he gave a small speech, woven of allusions and implications, a speech that was a masterpiece of humour, false modesty, and virtuosity, a dialogue between God and the Devil. The dinner was, in fact, a rather true picture of France, its passion for great age, for the past, and for belles lettres.

Even more inty than Mauriac's dinner: Max Ernst's dealer, Alexandre Iolas, arranged a small pre-opening of the new Ernst exhibition at eleven o'clock one morning. It was just for fifty friends. The exhibition consisted mainly of assemblages of familiar or unusual objects glued joyously on coloured surfaces—many of them on the theme of the bird and the cage. Ernst made a self-portrait using a working blouse, which he wore for ten years, pasted on a canvas, plus some brushes and a rag sticking out of a pocket. For another painting Max Ernst, who missed the party because he was convalescing from a heart attack, stuck on a tracing of his cardiogram. The whole show, in fact, seemed mocking and poetic, and somehow unselfconscious.

Johannesburg

After the cathedral wedding of Mary Oppenheimer and Gordon Waddell, the guests in pelting rain slowly made their way to Brenthurst, the old Cape Dutch Colonial house high on a rocky ledge where the Oppenheimer family lives. (One hundred gardeners care for the forty-seven acres in bloom.) To reach the enormous marquee, the guests wound their way down paths made from the cores of old gold diggings. With everyone gathered, the groom gave this toast to his bride: "It seems that in Scotland many years ago, the young men used to make raids south of the border to steal cattle, food, and to bring home an occasional wife. Now, with jets, the raiding areas have been considerably expanded. The cattle this year in South Africa are lean, the crops poor, but I'm doing damned well in other directions. . . ."

Beverly Hills

When Carol Grace Matthau finished reading *In Cold Blood* by Truman Capote, she wrote to a friend: "This book is a powerhouse, but so delicately balanced that even the descriptions of the terrain are part of its terror and beauty. It is a masterpiece. It is a poem. And it is these things because it is never without the presence of that rarest of all things, an evolved heart." (Continued on page 129)



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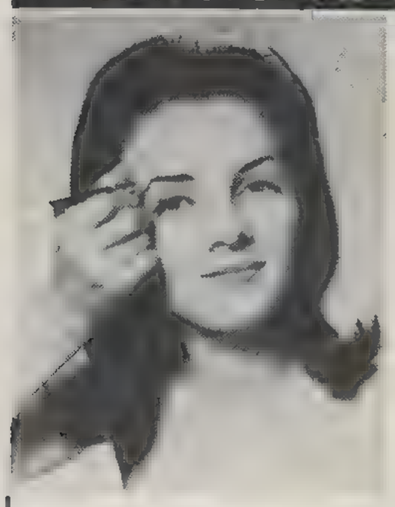
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The finals for Vogue's Prix de Paris

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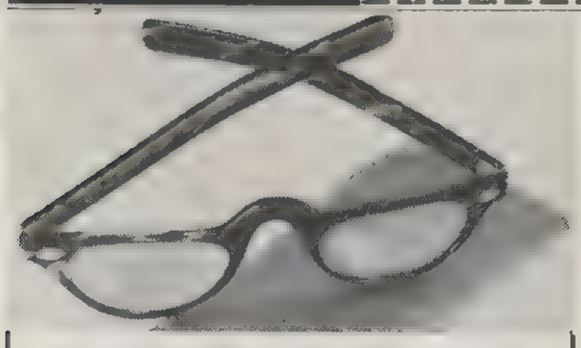
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VOGUE'S

San Francisco Address Book: Uniquely San Francisco . . . shops in remodelled Victorian houses as gaily painted as Easter eggs, or in renovated Squares where gardened streets and courts meander in enticing profusion. Here, some of their addresses and specialities to order.

"Carved most curiously": Young decorator-antiquaire, Michael Taylor, arranges Pacific Coast shells to frame mirrors and sconces in baroque beauty. Shown here, candle sconce with pearly-grey mussel and bone-white Nautilus shells, a peek of mirror. $215, to order from Michael Taylor, 556 Sutter Street.

"Not so fierce as painted": A rare pair of old porcelain Foo Dogs, probably Dutch. Russet and white "Dogs" on turquoise, yellow, and white bases. $450 pair. Behind them an early 18th-century Dutch shooting scene in oils. $480. Both, Bruce Rogers, 15 Hotaling Place.

"The silver link, the silken tie": Handsome handmade Italian silk drawer pulls in green, blue, yellow, red, grey, navy, or pale celadon bound with gold. The sizes include 2½", $3.50; 3½", $4.50; and 5", $5.50. All from Merryvale Inc., 3640 Buchanan Street.

"How various is the scene": Open arm chair of rattan, rawhide bindings, with Brighton Pavilion flair. Available in eight wood tones for $88, in Apple Jade or True Blue lacquer for $96.80. Through decorators at The McGuire Co., 36 Hotaling Place.

"Lord of the pots and pipkins": Navy-blue and white striped heavy cotton English apron imported for Him. $3.95. White porcelain French strainer, so pretty it might come to the table with the strawberries in it. Three sizes: $6, $7 (shown), $8. New French porcelain cookingware, "Printemps," shown here in a shirred egg dish, $1.95. A great white French porcelain spoon ladles or stirs, $2.50. All from Williams-Sonoma, 576 Sutter Street.

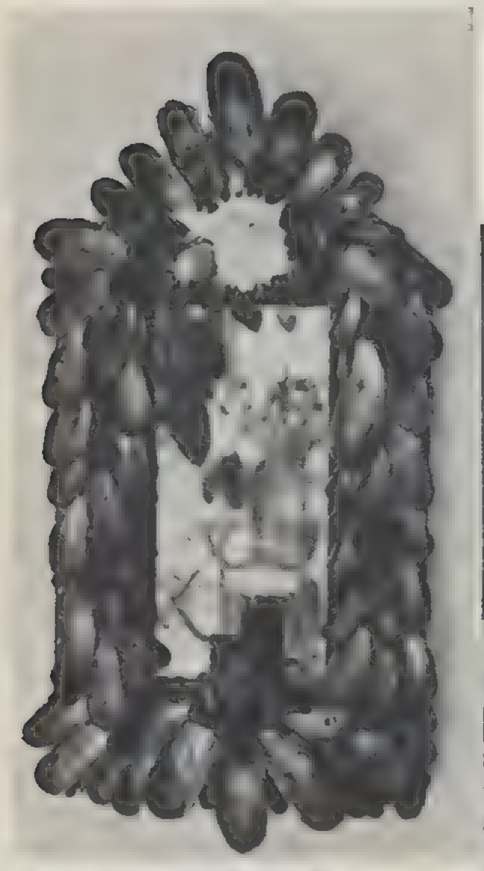
"Life is a foreign language": Victor Bergeron, owner of Trader Vic and impresario of exotic food and drink, has two new products to dispel the midwinter chill. Both drinks served at Señor Pico's in Ghirardelli Square. Kafé-La-Te, a delicious blend of mocha and tea to serve piping hot in a mug; small, $.85; large, $1.95. Shown here, The Potted Parrot drink. The recipe: 2 oz. orange juice, 1 oz. each lemon juice and Mai-Tai Mix, 2 oz. Trader Vic rum. Children substitute rock candy for the Mix and rum. The Mai-Tai Mix, $1.49 a bottle. The Potted Parrot glass, $3.50; and feathered muddler, $.75. All from Los Leones, Ghirardelli Square.

"The sky is blue, the land is glad": A curling-up-in-a-basket chair of woven nut-brown cane. Pile it high with cushions. 30" wide, 26" high, 30" deep, $85. Also from Hong Kong, the matching ottoman to make the relaxation total, 20"x25"x12", $35. Made just for Gump's, 250 Post Street, who designed them.

"The sky is blue, the land is glad"



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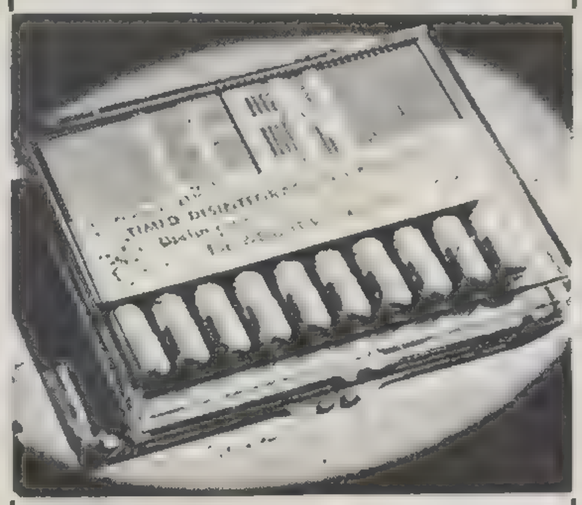
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Baptism by sunset

Arizona at first sight: notes off the tape of a British photographer

By John Cowan

EDITOR'S NOTE: *John Cowan made these taped comments after his first trip to Arizona to photograph for Vogue clothes which appeared in the January 1 issue. The "we" he mentions include: Mary Kruming, who was the editor in charge, Baroness Fiona Thyssen-Bornemisza, Marisa Berenson, and Allan Ballard, Mr. Cowan's assistant.*

"Once you have seen one rock you've seen the lot," I said when Vogue asked me to go to Arizona. I was wrong. Although the land in Arizona is basically all old seabed, the scene changed fantastically within the miles that we went. Most breathtaking: the Grand Canyon from the air—that really seems the bottom end of the world. In Europe, when you hear about it, you can't visualize it. When you fly over, you realize that it's a mile deep and just about the most awe-inspiring hole ever.

Arizona air is incredibly clear. As in the Arctic, skyline visibility is multiplied. What you think is a mile away turns out to be six or seven miles away. The horizon line is far more than fifteen miles off. The air is so crisp and clear it comes up and hits you. As a health-cure Arizona must rank next to Switzerland.

I never saw a fat person, except tourists, while I was there. If surplus liquids have anything to do with the weight problem, that is the place to get rid of them. Desert sun and dry air exhaust liquids from your system. We had to keep drinking all the time—milk, water, orange juice, Seven-Up.

The men's complexions are rugged. Windburned. Sunburned. But the only "prune" faces are imported prunes: women on vacations. The local women are all right.

Lake Powell is probably the most beautiful place I've seen. I mean it. Created by the new Glen Canyon Dam, the lake has about 1800 miles of shoreline and the water rises all the time flooding a series of canyons along which the shoreline varies from sheer red cliffs 1500 feet high, to soft sand as in a desert or on a seashore.

The Colorado River is very muddy, indeed, but since the dam went up, the water in the lake is, in places, 800 feet deep. All the silt has gone to the bottom and the water is *black*. The most fantastic colours: black water, blue sky, and red rocks. The lake is absolutely placid—like the largest mirror I've ever seen. Great big fish—real beauties. About every two yards around the lake there is a different sight. All red rock. Every possible shape. The immensity is astonishing.

There's a push to make Lake Powell into a great big vacation land, which will be a pity if it's jazzed up too much. Some enterprising character has put a boatyard on the lake, and there are scores of boats already. Water-skiing is kid's stuff because the lake is totally unruffled. No movement.

And unbelievable silence. I climbed a hill for an hour and a half, so far that our van was almost too small to see. Yet I could hear voices down there, and talk back without shouting. In the hills there was an echo throwback—echoing, echoing—I've never heard the like before.

Huge, splendid butterflies and rather soggy lazy flies flopped around, but the marvellous-looking insect which chased me all over the hill was the largest wasp I've seen: vivid yellow, making a lot of noise, and decidedly dangerous looking. I appeared to have sat on the hill where it lived and it wanted me off. I left.

Great jackrabbits, a few gophers, and the pretty, friendly Indian dogs that come up and lick. We were warned about rattlesnakes and spiders, but saw none. The only real discomfort anywhere in Arizona was in the scrub areas—terribly sharp thorns. With cowboy boots and Levis I was all right.

Since the rocks around Lake Powell have latent heat in them, they seem to give off more heat than the sun. Sometimes we had the sensation of frying. I'd hate to be at Lake Powell in summer. The place with real heat, however, was about sixty miles north of the lake, in Utah, a place with no name but that of a dried-up river, Warm Creek. Here was desert like the Sahara, not a plant. . . . No. It was more like Goremi in Turkey. Erosion action on sandstone rock made a series of rounded, dome-shaped hills in some places, and sharp sorts of spines in others. All baked sandstone and mud like adobe. No sand.

Except for the searing heat in the desert, the temperatures in Arizona weren't bad. Perfect, really. Nights, fabulous. Stars, beautiful. But the best time of the lot is sunset, and I've seen some pretty peculiar sunsets. In Arizona everything goes blood-red, as in the Arabian desert. Even the sand goes red.

A brand-new ghost town without ghosts at the foot of Lake Powell, Page is a kind of prefabricated city of little buildings dumped on corners. The town was built for some thousands of men who were employed to build the Glen Canyon Dam, but now most of those men and their families have left.

We drove from Page across country to Monument Valley. What we were told would be desert here wasn't desert at all. It was grass and scrub country. The desert part was about forty yards wide.

People in Arizona were extraordinarily helpful and nice. The chap we met at the Monument Valley Trading Post, as usual a rangy cowboy type, had the tourists terribly well organized. Every morning he would get about forty guests together in his place and say: "All right, now, you have to have change to give the Indians, because, if you photograph them, you have to give them a quarter." The tourists all said, "Yessir." So he

(Continued on page 130)

People are talking about

(Continued from page 66)

cold-ash movie, *The Spy Who Came In from the Cold*, relentlessly faithful to Le Carré's thriller, relentlessly well-acted by Richard Burton and Oskar Werner, the whole an exercise in emptiness like expert Czerny. . . . The young one who told an admirer on the telephone: "George, you even stretched Fink to mean Beautiful."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The cat's cradle of domestic humour worked by Jason Robards, Barbara Harris, and a splendid ugly kid, Barry Gordon, in the movie, *A Thousand Clowns*, which gets very freshman philosopher in serious moments but soars when it sticks to the view that life is "one long dental appointment." . . . The way the song "Shame and Scandal in the Family," banned in the United States, has a full romp in England where it is sung by Shawn Elliot and in France by Sacha Distel: its calypso monologue relating the difficulties of a boy who wants to marry but finds that his various girls turn out to be members of his family. . . . The amusing, sometimes sad movie, *Shakespeare Wallah*, made in India but in English; its co-author, Ruth Prawer Jhabvala, is married to a Parsee architect, lives in Delhi, and speaks Hindi with a Scottish accent.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . In Paris, the jammed, juicy exhibition of Surrealism, "L'Écart Absolu," organized in close collaboration with André Breton at L'Oeil gallery; at the opening, twenty policemen directed traffic for a crowd packed like Turkish delight. . . . The Roto-Relief, a black-velvet framed optical device, at Castelli Gallery, devised by Marcel Duchamp in the thirties, with a motor that rotates interchangeable discs in a variety of patterns against blackness. . . . The endearing success of Ken Dodd in England, singing his record, "Tears," amusing people everywhere with such old gags as, "We've a lady down here in the audience, a very posh lady—she's eating chips with her gloves on."

Private wire from everywhere

(Continued from page 125)

Houston

Back in September, 1964, twelve people in Houston, Texas, put together a little syndicate, called Art Investments, Ltd., with a capital of $100,000. Recently the group had its fourth quarterly meeting partly to sum up its achievements in the past year and a half. The members are pretty happy with their accomplishment for they have bought, among other works of art, Magritte, Takis, Redon, Ernst, Raysse, and Deem. In fact, one member, loyal for years to Frederic Remington, has hanging in his bank near the tellers' wickets the Martial Raysse "Peinture Horrible." To this group of lawyers, bankers, oil operators, and one surgeon, a founder said one day: "We founded a study group through buying. Each partner is initiated to the joy and shock of living with, becoming attached to, and often impassioned with a work of art. Doors of the eye, mind, and heart open. The sum invested in each art purchase represents a tuition fee. It is a down payment on a graduate course."

The first venture of its kind, Art Investments gives the partners joint ownership of the paintings or sculpture, which rotate in the various houses of the members, usually for three months at a time. Two of the general partners and founders are John and Dominique de Menil who have been collectors of art for many years, and, in fact, have a famous collection divided between their Houston and their New York City houses. A woman of powerful energy and charm, Mrs. de Menil is Chairman of the Art History Department of the University of St. Thomas. Since the start of the syndicate, all of the participants who had not been private collectors before have begun buying on their own.

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Baptism by Sunset

(Continued from page 128)

would dig out a whole sack of quarters and give five dollars' worth of quarters to every one of his forty tourists.

Then he had busloads of these tourists going over the desert, and at every corner was a very artistically dressed Indian —apparently the old ducks sat there all day. Or there would be a bird with a baby on her back. The buses stopped. The tourists went click, click, click, and the Indian got a quarter from every tourist.

Around the next bend would be a herd of sheep and two Indians. Beautiful pictures. More quarters all around.

This went on all day, and when he had delivered the tourists back to the Trading Post, this enterprising man went back into the desert and gave the Indians dollar bills for the quarters, so the money kept circulating. We counted, and at the end of the day one of the Indian women had twenty-five dollars in tips.

Not all the quarters are collected though: One woman on a horse wore a velvet jacket with every edge lined with quarters hung on soldered loops. Her jacket was worth fifty or sixty dollars in quarters alone. We saw Indian kids with dimes as waistcoat buttons. The whole Indian scene is far too heavily laid on, but the Indians are great; I'm glad they're getting the money.

Travel comments: "The American Airlines flight from New York to Phoenix—five hours nonstop—was definitely one of the most comfortable ones I have ever flown," said John Cowan. "TV, radio music, and pleasant hostesses. I am six foot four, and even in tourist class, I had a lot of leg room. Courtesy aboard was fabulous. The captain announced points of interest: 'To your left *or* right is the Grand Canyon,' but he is quite good about it and doesn't flog you to death with details." Round-trip fares, New York to Phoenix flying in tourist class, under $270 including tax; in first, about $300.

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

On the pleasures of owning two heads



JEAN-PHILIPPE SADRON

Remember this: Hairpieces and wigs are two different cups of tea, two different kinds of rescue operations. Wig—total rescue. Hairpiece—addition to the built-in attractions of one's own hair. There's a place for one and a place for the other, and the place for a wig, such as the one photographed above, is on a head that didn't have time to go to the hairdresser, or has met with some similar disaster. Crafted in France of human hair by one of the world's cleverest and most prolific wigmakers, Fashion Tress, this one, named Fido by its owner, weighs in at less than 4½ ounces. The kind of wig known as wefted, it enjoys special advantages. Wefting operation—mostly by hand but partially by machine —results in a wig said to be more serviceable, more set-holding, more tractable in general than a 100%-by-hand affair, which, being softer, is more delicate, more frivolous. Since the wefted wig requires less by-hand hours in the making, it's accordingly less costly—this one under $200. Other dividends: A wig set goes a much more satisfactory distance than the set in the hair native to one's head, for a wig is neither subject to oiliness nor affected by scalp dampness nor does it share a pillow with you. . . . Some wig upkeep counsel from Fashion Tress: Have set by wig specialist and store at home on correctly-sized wig block to prevent shrinkage or stretching. . . . Arrange with soft baby brush. . . . Use a very light spray, and a special wig conditioner to replace missing natural oils. . . . And, if constantly worn, bought hair should go to a professional wig cleaner every six weeks. . . . (This wig styled by Stanley Williams of Fashion Tress.)



HAT: MR. JOHN

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